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HOW WILL AMERICAN LIBERALS VOTE in the election next November? The extraordinary confusion of issues in this campaign has induced us to take a post-card poll of our subscribers in the United States. Our mail does not give us the usual index, for it indicates the same perplexities and the same differences of opinion that have made it impossible for the editors of *The Nation* to agree upon one candidate. Whereas this journal is entirely opposed to Herbert Hoover, our correspondence indicates that a certain number of Progressives who voted for La Follette in 1924 are going to vote for Hoover, not because they like him, or like his party, but simply and solely in order, as they think, to save prohibition. In view of the shortness of the time remaining we earnestly request our readers to return their ballot with the least possible delay in order that there may be presented an adequate cross-section of liberal opinion which cannot, of course, be represented in any of the polls taken by daily newspapers.

IF HERBERT HOOVER is making headway it is not due to anything that he has said or done, or to the work of the Republican National Committee. The management of Hoover's campaign is ridiculous, it is so inept and so futile. The other day one of the prominent men in the party visited headquarters. He received hardly any attention and, although the announcement that he was there to offer his services to Herbert Hoover would have been first-page copy in the newspapers, nobody told the press that he was there. When asked subsequently why this happened, a responsible person in the headquarters said sarcastically: "We are too busy knifing each other here to think of giving out a big story like that." In characteristic manner Mr. Hoover now tries to duck responsibility by letting it be known that he has nothing to do with the campaign, although it was announced in all the newspapers when he returned from California that he had come to supersede Dr. Work and would thenceforth direct his own fight. Without question Dr. Work is so poor a national chairman that the shades of Quay and Hanna and many others must be wringing their spectral hands. Mr. Hoover himself is producing next to no newspaper publicity; Mr. Smith gets the first-page stories every day. None the less, Republican confidence grows. The allies who fight for them are bigotry, intolerance, prejudice, snobbishness, and the reluctance of those who have special privileges to yield them. But in the unusual confusion of issues, and the bitterness of prejudice, the real progressive issues are lost to sight. Only Mr. Thomas speaks for them.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCUIT from New York to California and making part of his trip by airplane, Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, made sixty speeches in seventeen States in the month of September. Since he cannot pay $16,000 an hour for a sixty-station radio hook-up, and since there is only one Socialist daily paper in English in the United States, Mr. Thomas's chief reliance must be upon mass meetings. The West has given him a good response, recognizing in him a gallant fighter for an intelligent program. He has sought to stem the liberal drift toward Smith by emphasizing the inadequacy of the Democratic power program.

> The public development of water power sites [he declared] and the regulation by contract and commission are good as far as *development* is concerned, but they are a million miles from what we need. They will never curb the Power Trust or substantially reduce rates to consumers. All the water sites still in public possession are capable of producing only a small part of the total electric power which America needs. The heart of the problem is *transmission*, and Governor Smith does not conceal his program of turning over the *distribution* of power generated by the government to private companies.

Such candid criticism may not win many votes from an electorate which is absorbed in the exciting personal fight between Smith and Hoover, but it needs to be said.

ALFRED E. SMITH has beyond question furthered his candidacy by his Western speaking tour. The most detached observers are sure of this and believe that he has captured at least two States and moved several into the

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doubtful column. If his managers are wise they will keep him on the stump continually; therein lies his only hope. He wins his audiences invariably. People like the warm human qualities of the man, his humor, his naturalness, so rare in politicians, and his obvious honesty. At Milwaukee he again showed his courage by coming straight out on the liquor issue and declaring that he wished to be the leader of a national movement to bring about the alteration of the Volstead Law. That is forcing the fighting; that is being honest and above board; but it will also arouse to a still higher pitch those who are for prohibition with all its faults. With them the campaign now becomes a holy war. Gradually, we regret to say, the flames of intolerance and bigotry rise higher. Tammany, being a Wet and a Catholic—these are crushing burdens that Al Smith carries. If he can bear them and still reach his goal it will be an extraordinary personal achievement.

ONE POLITICAL EVENT gives us the greatest satisfaction—the nomination by the Republican Party of Alanson B. Houghton, now Ambassador to Great Britain, for the position of Senator from New York. We are unqualifiedly for his election. Mr. Houghton has for the last six years rendered in Berlin and in London services of the greatest moment not only to his own country but to Europe. We are inclined to think that, when the history of post-war Germany is written, much credit will be given to the American and English ambassadors who were in Berlin during the most trying years of the Republic, 1922-1925, and gave to it a warm and hearty support and a friendly interest which were of incalculable aid. In London Mr. Houghton ranks high, not as a talking but as a working Ambassador. It is a commonplace in London that he has been the ablest American Ambassador in decades. But even if Mr. Houghton had been less successful abroad, we should still be for him if only because of his devotion to the cause of peace and his demand that the war-making power be taken away from governments and placed in the hands of the people. As for his opponent, Dr. Copeland, he has made no such record at Washington as to obligate the State to return him to the Senate. He is an excellent doctor and a popular medical writer for the daily press, but no statesman. Mr. Houghton would again make the position of Senator from New York a powerful one. We are gratified, too, by the nomination by the Democrats of Franklin D. Roosevelt for Governor of New York.

THE PUBLIC UTILITIES INVESTIGATION has received considerable publicity since it was resumed recently in Washington by the Federal Trade Commission—much more, in fact, than during the earlier session several months ago. Indeed, some of the men implicated have protested against what they term unfair publicity. Possibly in a few cases they are justified. There was, for example, nothing wrong in William Allen White's acceptance of $500 for an address before the National Electric Light Association in 1926. His son commented that the only wrong that he could see in the transaction was the smallness of the sum paid. For the honeyed words of "Bill" White, heralding the men of the public-utilities industry as "priests of a new era," it probably was. On the other hand, a great deal of material has been revealed that cannot be passed over so lightly. There is the case of Professor James S. Thomas receiving $666 per month from power interests while engaged in "research" and extension work of the University of Alabama. When he was asked at the investigation if it was known that, while he was teaching his regular classes in sociology and economics and making speeches on utilities before various State meetings, he was also in the employ of the power company, he replied: "I don't suppose it was." There is similar evidence of other propaganda work in the schools of New Jersey and at the Iowa State Agricultural College—with the "power trust" supplying thousands of dollars but staying quietly in the background.

THERE IS STILL DISCUSSION as to which team won first honors in the Olympic Games of 1928. In our issue of August 22, taking our data from an Associated Press dispatch of August 12, we stated "according to the final score the German team led with a total of 45½ points, the United States was second with 39, and Holland third with 34½." Two weeks later Major General Douglas MacArthur, president of the American Olympic Committee, issued a tabulation of results which placed the United States first, Finland second, and Germany third. Several *Nation* readers have asked an explanation. There is no official method of awarding points in the Olympic; each nation—or individual—can choose the method which shows its team to best advantage. This is intended to help promote good-will among the athletes. The tabulation which we quoted in our earlier paragraph awarded points according to team achievements in each sport and team standing separately, on the basis of ten points for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth. This method of scoring weighs more heavily the consistent performance of an entire team in a sport, and less heavily individual records. General MacArthur's tabulation, on the other hand, is based on individual achievements, awarding three points for each first place, two for second, and one for third.

ACHMED ZOGU IS KING OF ALBANIA, but Wilhelm of Wied is still Mpret. Perhaps the Albanians have forgotten Wilhelm, but he has not forgotten his six hectic months of mpretship, and evidently he hopes his son will have as lively times, for he salutes Achmed's coronation with the solemn announcement that he "retains all his claims upon the Albanian throne intact, for himself and his descendants." He adds that the Albanian people "is still true to its prince." That, as the Berlin *Tagebuch* points out, is a craven gesture of democracy; why should a king or a mpret bother about the will of the people? Conrad von Hötzendorff's memoirs recall a different consideration for the will of the people evinced by the mpret upon his arrival in Albania in March, 1924. Wilhelm wanted to live on a good, safe battleship in the harbor of Scutari, but when his sponsor, Count Berchtold, remarked on this to the chief of the Austrian general staff, Hötzendorff answered that the mpret must make a "pompous" entry into Scutari, and accordingly it was arranged for him. "But what shall we do if the prince is assassinated?" asked the Austrian Foreign Minister. "Find another candidate," replied the military king-maker. Twenty-five days after his arrival the poor mpret was faced with an insurrection. Only the arrival of a foreign fleet kept his capital safe for him; and when the outbreak of the European War called the cruisers to other service the mpret, on September 2, sneaked off to the safety of Venice. "A few spirits misled by passion have not understood the value of the re-

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forms," he said, "and do not trust the new government. . . . I must go to the West for a time." He is still there; and the Albanians, apparently, do not yet trust any government, for already there is an uprising against Zogu.

WHAT'S THIS? Here is Eugene Lyons, United Press correspondent in Moscow, declaring that the Russians are "the world's worst propagandists." We have it on the word of some of our foremost Daughters of the American Revolution and members of highly patriotic societies that they are the most dangerous propagandists on earth, so skilfully propagandizing the United States that our beloved republic is actually rocking on its foundations. Mr. Lyons, to be sure, does not refer to the direct dissemination of Communistic propaganda. He is outraged because the Bolsheviki failed utterly "to make adequate use of the truly heroic behavior of Chukhnovsky, Babushkin, and the others," aviators and members of the crew of the icebreaker Krassin, who were responsible for the recent brilliant and dramatic series of rescues in the Arctic. It was an unprecedented opportunity for the Bolsheviki to blow their own horn. "One need only think what America or Italy or Germany would have done with a similar opportunity," says Mr. Lyons. Instead, the Russians not only did not encourage the foreign correspondents in Moscow to exploit the story but actually hampered them in obtaining information. He continues:

> The correspondents, in short, had to fight for every bit of news, and, having wrested it by the sweat of their brows, they then spent more time searching for the censors. If the Soviet officials had the faintest right to their reputation as propagandists, they would have lifted the censorship on this one story.

No wonder that the Bolsheviki appear so wicked to foreign journalists! The idea that any people may accept the heroic deeds of their fellow-citizens as something to be taken for granted and expected, as not calling for personal exploitation and national aggrandizement, is certainly something to make the journalistic gods weep.

WHEN LINDBERGH LANDED in Paris many young gentlemen in the streets of Mexico fell enthusiastically into each other's arms, and many young ladies wept—partly because it was Lindbergh, but chiefly because it was flight. Ever since, Mexico has been so devoted to airplaning that not even the tragic end of the beloved Emilio Carranza had any effect on the characteristically sudden and exuberant growth of a popular idea. Now an official government postal line has been established from the capital to Laredo, a private mail-and-passenger line is operating from Progreso to Vera Cruz, and a semi-official similar line is shortly to be initiated from Mazatlan, on the west coast, to the capital, while still another is planned from Tamaulipas to Mazatlan. The government has declared itself ready to cooperate with such private enterprises, and an aviation club has been organized in the metropolis for their development. Enrolment in the National School of Aviation has jumped, and now includes several girls, among them the young daughter of the President, Señorita Alicia Calles, whom her schoolmates have chosen, in good Atlantic City style, Queen of the Air. Apparently, it takes more than death by flight to discourage a people for centuries familiar with death and for millenniums the worshipers of flying gods.

A Lusty Literature?

WE are familiar with the theory that contemporary American literature is in a great state of health. We hear of renaissances, resurgences, and reawakenings; and in the past two years we have been asked by numerous book clubs and guilds to consider the additional advantage of a large new public created almost over night to enjoy this large new literature. Nor do we wish to deny that American letters flourish. There are simply a few contradictions to be noted.

Here is "The Second American Caravan"* for instance, a volume of 864 pages purporting to offer a cross-section of our best literature and announcing on its jacket that "it does not conform to any preconceived pattern, stand for any particular group or clique, represent any particular part of the country; nor does it seek to please a standardized body of readers." All it does is give us the best there is. And the editors—Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld—believe that best to be symptomatic of "a growing American literature," believe it to be "essentially a response to the developing and growing forms of American life," claim that it "furthers the expression of a 'large, lusty, loving' America."

The figures, borrowed from biology, are a little deceptive. In what direction, judging purely by the contents of the "Caravan," is our lusty infant growing? And is it lusty? The answer would seem to be that the infant is no infant at all, but an ancient weary creature groping through thick twilight to the grave. Open almost any page of the prose and you will find a paragraph like this:

> The hired man was sitting in the hammock in the dark. She threw the mail in his lap and lay down on the grass beside him. She was hot and tired. She tried to think about what had happened, but her head ached. The tears were all gone, but her head ached and ached. She cuddled up alone on the grass near the man, and went to sleep.

Or this:

> And all the time he knew that he was waiting upon the coming of death. His business about the house, his watering the garden, his turning up the earth with a feeble willingness, his weeding—all acts and motions that stirred and carried about his meager body were blended in a long ritual before the inevitable god.

Always this monotone, always these short, gray sentences uttered out of mouths too tired to express anything but death, dirt, and despair, or too skeptical to explore anything but the recesses of minds across which half-thoughts mope as these sentences mope across the page. Lusty? If so, we do not know the meaning of the word; or perhaps we do not appreciate the use to which it has been put.

The excellence of most of the work in the "Caravan" is undeniable. Jonathan Leonard, Evelyn Scott, Margery Latimer, Philip Edward Stevenson, Francis Gregg, "H. D.," Gertrude Diamant, Josephine Herbst, and Nathan Asch have contributed stories which do indeed represent the best that is being done in America today, and in general the book is brilliant. The question comes down, then, to the larger question as to what we mean when we say that our literature is growing, or that it is vigorous.

* The Macaulay Company. $5.

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The answer has been made that we are growing as adolescents grow, with necessary pains. It has been pointed out that although our outstanding authors—Dreiser, Anderson, Lewis, Cabell, O'Neill, Robinson—deal always with frustration and end almost always in mockery or contempt or despair, they are nevertheless clearing the ground for honest days to come when there shall be brightness without fatuity, hope without ignorance, and strength without brutality. In other words, we could not have a healthy literature until our life and our morals had been overhauled.

It is getting a little harder all the time to accept that answer—partly because it has been given so often and partly because its rational grounds are none too clear. For one thing, as the "Caravan" shows, the discipline we have been undergoing seems to have resulted in a sophistication far too fine for a national literature ever to be founded upon it. America cannot read this book either with ease or with excitement. It, along with the literature it represents, is the product of an intellectual class, and unless we are mistaken a lusty national literature never came from such a source. And, for another thing, we do not understand the biology of any art—if there is such a thing—well enough to be sure just what follows what in literary time. So we prefer to wait quietly for the things that chance and change will bring. And meanwhile we shall expect for a long generation to enjoy as best we may the beautiful, sad burden of the "Caravan" and its companions.

College Morality

Why wait till marriage? If this is a normal impulse, if marriage is unavoidably postponed, if knowledge of contraception makes sex relationships physically safe, if the world in general is reconstructing its moral codes and its standards with respect to monogamy, why should postponement be necessary?

So run the rebellious questionings of certain American college students according to a new study, "Undergraduates," made for the Institute of Social and Religious Research by R. H. Edwards, J. M. Artman, and Galen Fisher. The study is based upon 1,100 interviews with undergraduates and officers of American colleges. Altogether the revelations of college life are not startling. Considering the insistence of rebellious questions about sexual life among the younger generation, and the long delay after sexual maturity before marriage, there seem to be surprisingly few undergraduates who defy the conventional moral code. In Russian universities men and women live together freely; in American universities, in spite of occasional headlines about student excesses, the undergraduates do not seem to be any more revolutionary in moral habits than the people of their own age outside of the colleges. "Petting," says one undergraduate, "has always existed but just suddenly has been given a name and is done in public. That is all the difference from yesterday." Probably there are other differences from yesterday—more candor, more love-making, perhaps more actual sex relationship—but these changes can surely be explained as part of a new American attitude toward sexual life.

The tension due to sex attraction and repression is evident in any college—or for that matter in any prison, convent, or monastery where men and women who have attained maturity have no sexual life. The problem of control is made doubly difficult for the modern dean because the colleges include physical children and physical adults, weaklings who cannot use freedom wisely and responsible men of the world. Because the newspapers and the public judge the "morality" of a college in terms of its conspicuous weaklings, the dean is in a dilemma. If he tempers the winds of temptation to the black lamb, he must treat the rest of the students like children. Also he must stand as the guardian of chastity in a world where chastity is on the defensive. Against him are arrayed the automobile, the sexual instinct, and the women who want husbands.

"There are many sorority girls who are well dressed, well painted, and whose real object for being at ——— is to secure a man," says one girl student in reporting her opinions to the authors of "Undergraduates." "Parties," complains one professor, "have official chaperones who sit laboriously all evening, then go home, while couples get into the automobiles and go on necking parties." If these quotations seem to reflect upon the morals of our coeducational schools, let a lonely girl from a woman's college report: "The problem here is the lack of men. Very few girls 'date,' and those who do would not be seen at home with the type of man they find here."

But the sex problem is by no means the most serious problem in our college life; the outstanding sin is the undergraduates' absorption in triviality. Practically every college in America has its undergraduates overorganized in a hundred varieties of "student activity" which assume a higher place in the estimation of the students than class-room distinction. In most colleges thought outside the class room is positively unpopular. Only the "radicals" and a few isolated, brilliant students enjoy the give and take of fundamental conversation. "You might as well be at a summer resort," said one student in describing his college.

Student activity undermines the intellectual morale of the college by creating an alternative set of values in contrast with academic values. At the time of graduation it is true that the college senior begins to realize the sham and insignificance of the "pep" meeting, the club membership campaign, the fraternity presidency, and even the varsity letter. But then it is too late. In the last half of his senior year he will vote for Phi Beta Kappa as the one genuine distinction at college, but for his first three and a half years he would sell a thousand scholarship keys for one fullback's sweater.

It would be sheer quackery to say that any one remedy or any set of remedies will cure the ills of American undergraduate life. The creation of junior colleges and upperclass universities, the abolition of fraternities, the limiting of athletics to intramural competitions, the tutorial method of instruction—all of these reforms are being advocated and tried in various American schools. They will doubtless improve the undergraduate life but they can scarcely destroy the predominant triviality of that life so long as the college is chiefly a passage-way to the upper economic classes.

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Fighting Against Disarmament

DISARMAMENT is still a rosy mist on the far horizon. The peoples may demand action, but the governments tread warily at the mere mention of the dangerous word. Neither Washington nor London nor Paris has the slightest desire for any radical step toward disarmament, and the hullabaloo about the Franco-British agreement is, in fact, a series of maneuvers designed to throw the burden of the failure upon the other fellow. Each government wants to build more ships of certain kinds, and resents efforts to limit such action; and all the governments are willing to welcome open-armed any step toward reducing other navies if only it will not disturb their own.

Yet it seems to us that the American Department of State has a special right to protest against the secret Franco-British understanding. There is no reason to mince words; it was a secret agreement designed to checkmate American plans at the next international conference to limit armaments. The French have consistently refused to limit submarines or to compare their conscript army with the small volunteer armies of the Anglo-Saxon countries; the British have refused to accept limitation of small cruisers carrying six-inch guns and had refused to accept the French position on submarines and on land forces. The two Powers met (secretly) and agreed (secretly) to support each other's positions and to accept limitation only of the large cruisers so dear to Washington's heart. They say that this was intended to facilitate the cause of disarmament, but they can hardly expect to be believed. While the British press has in general accepted the government thesis that a vast armada is necessary to protect Britain's trade routes, not a single British newspaper, so far as we are aware, has defended this compromise with France, or the manner of its negotiation.

The American reply was sharp. The Franco-British "proposal," it should be recalled, had not been communicated to the United States until after a storm of protest in the press on both sides of the Atlantic had produced a counter-storm of contradictory explanations in the British and French parliaments and semi-official press. Washington rejected the proposal outright. It called it "even more unacceptable than the proposals put forward by the British delegation at the [Geneva] conference, not only because it puts the United States at a decided disadvantage but also because it discards altogether the principle of limitation as applied to important combatant types of vessels."

The United States, the note said in a passage which deserves emphasis, would be glad to agree to abolish submarines altogether; but it would not except from limitation small craft carrying as destructive torpedoes as the large craft which would be necessary for defense of our long coast-line. The Franco-British proposal, it said, "would actually tend to defeat the primary objective of any disarmament conference for the reduction or the limitation of armament in that it would not eliminate competition in naval armament and would not effect economy. . . . [It] would inevitably lead to a recrudescence of naval competition disastrous to national economy."

That is a vigorous tone for a peaceful diplomatic communication. It was, we believe, justified by the circumstances. And it would be supremely justified if it should lead to some new step toward a Franco-British-American agreement intended, not as was this discredited proposal, to block disarmament, but to check naval competition and to limit the growing rivalry in various classes of fighting ships. The Washington note reverted to a suggestion made by M. Paul-Boncour of France at the first session of the preparatory conference on disarmament held under the auspices of the League of Nations; possibly steps can be taken along that line.

The most disquieting aspect of this whole series of negotiations is its revelation of the complete absence of any really impulsive drive for peace. The foreign offices, having signed the carefully guarded Kellogg pact and advertised it as a far greater step toward peace than it was, are continuing to plan for war. The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* cables that "It seems months and, indeed, years since August 27, when the Kellogg pact outlawing war was signed at the Quai d'Orsay. For since then no one has ever heard of the pact except to hear it sneered at. . . . It certainly seems as dead as the dodo."

We now know that while France and England were arranging with the United States the details of the historic scene in the Salle d'Horloge, when all the nations met to outlaw war, they were secretly scheming to outmaneuver Washington and prevent effective limitation of land or sea forces. (Washington's note replied only to the Franco-British naval agreement; but it is now admitted that France and Britain also reached certain conclusions hostile to any attempt to abolish conscription or reduce land forces!) Britain was simultaneously organizing a mock air raid on London to advertise to the Londoners the need of spending more money on military airplanes. France was preparing to refuse to evacuate the Rhineland unless Germany should agree to accept a system of refined blackmail by which she would pay extra for fulfilment of her treaty rights.

It is not a pretty picture. And, despite the sun that shines alike upon the golden beeches of Europe and the flaming maples of America, this is not, in any political sense, a pretty world. The discouraging nationalisms of pre-war days persist, and, while the names of the foreign secretaries sometimes change, the old crew of officials schooled in pre-war and war diplomacy still rule the chancelleries. A genuine spirit of peace is not in them. And the will for peace of the masses will have to become more articulate and intelligently directed before it can be finally effective. If Germany is disarmed, and Russia ready for disarmament, France still adores Poincaré; England thinks that peace means a world wherein Britannia rules the lands as well as the seas; and here in America we seem to be about to elect as President a man who talks in terms of prestige-diplomacy and thinks that a nation must be feared to be respected.

Fiasco as it is, this latest revelation of the shallowness of British-American friendship, of the weakness of the drive for disarmament, is not a backward step. Progress cannot be based upon illusion. The extravagant hopes that clustered about the Kellogg pact have been shattered. Very good. We know better where we are. We understand better the magnitude of the task that still lies before us.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT it quite possible that New York's favorite son will not reach Washington, but our city may still find its place in the sun by winning the World's Series. In baseball, public sentiment plays a smaller part than in elections and yet it is well not to overlook the fact that all the nation is rooting against our representatives on the diamond. In part this disaffection rises from the circumstance that New York has had very many championships and pennants. But back of that there lies the animus of the hinterlanders against all things metropolitan. As William Allen White has so well illustrated, Puritan America does not like the culture which flourishes on Manhattan Island. Even a winning baseball team is somehow interpreted as a sign of metropolitan decadence and an effete civilization.

So bitter is this feeling in the remoter hamlets that fans have been known to hiss even Babe Ruth as he advanced up to the plate three bats in hand. And if, by any chance, a pitcher fools him and he swings in vain all the Philistines set up a caterwauling in their ecstasy.

Now that the issue is joined between New York and St. Louis our Yankees need expect no sympathy in any quarter save the home land. Not even there can they count upon 100 per cent loyalty. Traitors are freely admitted to Colonel Ruppert's gigantic stadium. It is no uncommon thing to hear some person in the grand stand remark quite audibly, "I hope the New York Club will take a licking." Once I heard a faithful soul rebuke just such a fellow roundly. Turning to the viper a superb old gentleman remarked, "If you don't like it here why don't you go back where you came from?"

Unfortunately not all the folks in New York who cheer the visiting team are aliens. Some are citizens from our own sidewalks who have become tainted by a certain international point of view. It is their contention that a good play should be applauded whether made by friend or foe. This type of mind does not belong in New York. Baseball thrives on limiting the scope of patriotic feeling. If St. Louis wins it is my intention to go and live four years in France as a protest against a rank injustice. I trust, however, that I shall not be forced to extreme measures.

It has been said that it is silly to work up any feeling over the fate of the home team since many of the athletes are not truly residents of the city which they represent. This seems to me a quibble. As soon as a ball player puts on a shirt emblazoned with the words New York he becomes a symbol of the city and its fame and honor. Of course I see by the papers that Earl Combs is a Kentucky school teacher and that Lazzeri lives in San Francisco. For all emotional purposes these men are as truly native as Al Smith and must serve the uniform they wear till death or victory. Of course, in the meantime they may be sold or traded to some other city; whereupon they become instantly rogues and rascals.

Babe Ruth himself was not always with us. Born in Baltimore he played his first big league engagement with the Boston Red Sox. But Ruth has been a Yankee long enough to become naturalized in soul as well as body. One does not have to read the letters on his shirt to recognize him as a true New Yorker. Though born and reared in Mencken's town Ruth is in no real sense a product of the *American Mercury* philosophy. There is nothing cynical about the Babe. He does things with a largeness of spirit which is characteristic of Manhattan men. "Shoot it all" is Babe's motto. As is the custom of the town he's always ready for a feast or famine. Naturally he prefers the feast. But when Ruth puts all his energy in some mighty swing he is content to risk everything upon the possibility of some gigantic drive. It is better to miss than to dawdle along with puny bunts and singles.

There used to be a man over in Brooklyn who led a school of thought which has since been demolished by Ruthian prowess. Willie Keeler explained his batting theory with the injunction "Hit 'em where they aint." Accordingly, he would niggle along with little taps just beyond the reach of the opposing players. All this looked well enough in the batting averages but it was a Coolidgean kind of practice. There was a miserly economy of effort and a stinginess of display.

Ruth would never hold himself within the cramped confines of any such school of conduct. His motto is more brave and glorious, for he seems to say: "Hit them where no one has been or will ever get to." It is not his desire to tantalize third basemen with dragging bunts or pop up Texas Leaguers just beyond the reach of the short stop's outstretched fingers. Instead he aims only for the most distant fences. The cities of the American League are strewn with glass shattered out of residential windows by the mighty wallops of the Big Bam.

At the moment of going to press the great man is a little ailing. One leg is not so good and the other is also bruised and painful. And something is the matter with one shoulder. But there is no reason for us to despair nor for St. Louisians to rejoice in these misfortunes. The Babe is too flaming a spirit to be hampered much by mere physical disabilities. "Ruth crushed to earth will rise again. The Ruth is mighty and shall prevail." I quote from an eminent authority on Ruthiana.

Still in all sober consideration one cannot quite forget that New York comes to the vital test sadly crippled. Herbert Pennock, known for short as the Silver Fox Farmer of Kennett Square, is not likely to appear in the series, since his good left arm has been knotted by neuritis. At last reports the throwing hand of Combs was broken. Wilcy Moore has been retired for the season on account of some ligamentary disturbance.

The Cardinals, on the other hand, are in the very pink of condition. Grover Cleveland Alexander has never known better health in all his forty-five-odd years of service. Frankie Frisch has a normal pulse and blood pressure. Wee Willie Sherdel was seldom better fitted to pursue his nefarious calling of making gallant Yankee players bite at slow balls and bad ones.

Somehow the children of darkness always seem to have better health than the children of light. But no matter. The handicaps being what they are, triumph should be all the sweeter when it comes. And so may the best team win just so long as it is not St. Louis.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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As the Farmers Go, So Goes the Election

By W. G. CLUGSTON

Topeka, Kansas, September 21

NEVER before, perhaps, have the farmers—especially the Middle Western farmers—carried the ballot-casting responsibilities which will be theirs when they go into the election booths on November 6. Surveys of the national campaign, as the home stretch nears, make it appear that half a dozen agricultural States, where the farm vote will be the deciding factor, may—probably will—determine who will be the next President.

It is generally conceded that Governor Smith will get something more than a hundred electoral votes in the South, and, to have any chance at all, he must get approximately a hundred from the Eastern sector. In the Middle Western agricultural area there are eight States with a total Electoral College vote of 106 where the farmers, although predominantly Republican in the past, are pretty generally on the "war path" this year, and are openly threatening to throw aside party ties in an effort to improve their economic conditions. These States, set down in the order of their likelihood of going Democratic, are Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois, North Dakota, and Iowa. In every one of these States, with the possible exception of Missouri, the outcome depends upon the way the farmers vote. If a majority of them go Democratic, and Smith attains his expectations in the East, he can give the Republicans Kansas and Oklahoma and need not worry much about what the so-called border States may do. Wisconsin to Smith would exactly offset Kentucky's going to Hoover; Nebraska would offset Oklahoma, and Illinois would make up for several losses.

There is no question that the farmers throughout the more progressive sections of the Middle West are in revolt against the economic conditions which have made it impossible for them to get what they consider their rightful share of the blessings of the much-heralded era of Republican prosperity. Since the big agricultural deflation which followed the end of the war, the grain-growing farmers have been disgruntled, and have, through their organizations, demanded that the national government give them something equivalent to the protective-tariff benefits provided for other industries. The refusal of President Coolidge's administration to do so, together with the general belief that Herbert Hoover approved the Coolidge attitude and helped the President maintain it, made the grain-growing States very decidedly anti-Hoover—and very doubtful about the boasted Republican corner on the supply of prosperity formulas. On top of this, wheat prices during the past summer went generally below 85 cents a bushel on the farm; corn also has gone down so much the farmers can hope to make the profits they had expected only by buying cattle and hogs and feeding them—a precarious plan at present livestock prices; and the potato market has been so badly demoralized that many potato growers have left their crops to rot in the ground.

These conditions put the farmers of the Middle West in a receptive frame of mind when Governor Smith made his invasion of the section. And there is no one who has watched developments during the last few weeks who will dispute that Smith made good use of the opportunities opened to him by that trip. The result has been that thousands upon thousands of farmers are aroused to the point where they are asking themselves if their responsibilities as voting citizens do not transcend party ties. In every State I have mentioned the rural voters are honestly seeking to determine the vital issues and to vote upon them in an intelligent way. In many instances there are farmers of the Republican faith who have been driven to the verge of revolt because they believe security in the ownership of their homesteads—and from peasantry-threatening tenantry—will depend upon the action taken by the next administration in the matter of farm-relief legislation.

There are, however, so many cross-currents in this campaign—so many phantom issues—that the untrained mind is often confused, and it is not easy to concentrate on the real issues with clear-thinking, prejudice-shorn courage. Smoke-screen artists have been abroad in every township; almost every cross-roads telephone pole has been made into a whispering post. Religious prejudices have been played for all they were worth, and, beyond question, many Republican voters have been held in line by the circulation of stories to the effect that Smith is merely a puppet of the Pope—and that the public-school system will be wrecked if he wins. Methodist conferences generally have gone on record as against Smith and for Hoover, and this has brought many of the more liberal-minded to an honest belief that religious intolerance, more vicious than when Thomas Jefferson gave his best energies in fighting it, will, if Smith is defeated, destroy freedom of conscience and equal opportunities. There has been much mouthing of malicious slanders similar to those for which poor "Bill" White was made to stand sponsor. To injure Smith there have been criticisms of his "Bowery talk"—and belittling whispers about Mrs. Smith's cultural qualifications to preside over the White House; but also many "Sir 'Erbert 'Oover" fabrications have been told for no higher purpose than to arouse prejudices against him. There has been much talk of the past corruptions of Tammany by many newspapers and men of such eminence as Senator Arthur Capper, with no memory, apparently, for the more recent conspiracies of Fall, Doheny, Denby, Doherty, and others.

The prohibition question also is playing a prominent part in every one of the farming States. Under the charge that Smith is a "Wet," many are masking the real cause of their opposition to him—their prejudices against his religion. A great many of the church organizations are using his stand for a modification of prohibition enactments as an excuse for their actions in converting structures erected for the worship of God into political pursuits. But in the States I have enumerated above sentiment for prohibition as a phobia is not nearly as strong as in many other Western and Southern States; in fact, in most of them there is a pronounced public sentiment in favor of a change in the method of handling the "great experiment." Two years ago the people of Montana, one of the early bone-dry commonwealths, wiped the State enforcement act from the statute books. Last June North Dakota, another dry State,

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came within a few thousand votes of doing likewise. Wisconsin voted wet on a referendum two years ago, and there is a strong sentiment against the political Drys in Minnesota. Prohibition is hardly the stuffed club with which the Republicans can keep the farmers in line in the States where the farmer votes may decide the election. But it is playing its part along with pumpkin seeds and poison ivy and preachers full of prejudices.

Perhaps the most pronounced farmer-revolt against the Republican attitude toward agriculture, as it is believed to be exemplified by Mr. Hoover, centers in Iowa. From that State came the most emphatic demands for enactment of the McNary-Haugen bill. But Iowa presents the spectacle of such leaders as Senator Smith W. Brookhart, Representative J. L. Dickinson, and Governor John Hammill—political leaders who have been placed in power as a result of their activities in championing the demands of the dissatisfied farmers—now trying to persuade their constituents to forget their dissatisfactions, along with their depleted resources, and vote for that faction of the Republican Party which at the Kansas City convention defied them to bolt. It remains to be seen whether these men, and other leaders like them in several of the other States mentioned, have merely become Lenroots or whether they have the power to make the farmers follow them.

Possibly the farmers of no State hold the future of the nation in their hands so nearly as those of Illinois. This State, undoubtedly, will swing the way the farmer vote goes. The Illinois farmers are largely Republican. They can easily overcome the Smith lead in Chicago if they stand behind Hoover; but with such outstanding leaders as George N. Peek refusing to swallow Hoover—and refusing to forget the Lowden drubbing at Kansas City—enough Illinois farmers may step into the breach to close the lines for Smith if Brookhart and his associates break up the revolt in Iowa.

In Nebraska the revolt sentiment comes largely from the grassroots, as it does in most of the States, but the Democrats have got much encouragement from the fact that Republican leaders such as Senator Norris and Governor McMullen have not only said nothing commendable of the Republican platform or candidate, but have declared that the Democratic campaign platform, and Governor Smith's declarations, are more satisfactory to those who are striving to aid agriculture. In Wisconsin it is conceded that much of the La Follette vote will go to the Democrats. Former Senator Magnus Johnson of Minnesota has joined former Senator Hansbrough in declaring for Smith; in North Dakota the Non-Partisan League refused to act with the Republican State committee in indorsing Hoover; in Missouri the most effective of the farm leaders are for Smith, making the State more promising to him than it would be if he had to rely mostly on the majorities he will get in St. Louis and Kansas City. South Dakota has a strong Democratic Governor, an early-day farmer, who has a good chance of being reelected, and he, with all the machinery of his administration, is supporting the Democratic national ticket.

To expect a bloc of such traditionally Republican States as most of those I have mentioned to swing into the Democratic column seems like folly—especially in face of all the handicaps the Democratic candidate is carrying, his Tammany connections, his religion, his enmity to Volsteadism; and all the preacher-prejudices that are in action against him. If such a thing can happen, then there is an agrarian uprising in the Middle West of greater proportions than the country in general has imagined. A conservative prophet would probably advise a prized customer to put his money on a majority of these States remaining Republican. I wouldn't. The handicaps which Hoover carries are more real to many farmers than those which have been hung on Smith. Whether it be deserved or not, there is a widespread belief throughout the agricultural sections that Hoover dealt unfairly with the farmers when he fixed food prices during the war—that "Hoover kept down the price of wheat and hogs and kept up the price of sugar." There also is a general belief that he was one of President Coolidge's chief supporters in the Administration's successful efforts to prevent the farmers getting the relief legislation they demanded. Besides, the farmers throughout the entire breadbasket belt are agreed that the Democratic platform meets their demands more completely than the Republican platform—and there is no comparison in the aroused farmers' minds between the appeals of the candidates personally. Mr. Hoover in his home-visiting speech at West Branch, Iowa, did not satisfy them nearly so well as Governor Smith did when he accepted the principle of the McNary-Haugen bill in his Omaha address—and few revolting farmers have been won back by the prosperity recitals of the last eight years of Republican rule. They have not been won back because they feel that they have been denied their share in whatever prosperity there has been.

Senator Curtis, the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, has probably made some headway with the tariff talks he has made in his swings across the corn and wheat belts and his pledge that Hoover, if elected, will take steps to relieve the distressed and disgruntled agriculturist. But to many observers it seems that much more must be done in the hectic last-day drives if the Republican managers are to have pleasant dreams on the night after the election. As it now appears, they have more to worry them in most of the States I have mentioned than the Democratic managers will have in all their weak spots in the Southland.

Just as the above lines were finished a report came from Des Moines that the Iowa Farmers' Union State convention had adopted resolutions calling for the defeat of Herbert Hoover, despite the fact that Senator Brookhart made an impassioned plea before the convention for an indorsement for the Republican nominee. The resolution adopted calls for the defeat of Hoover as a "protest of the American farmer at the insulting and high-handed manner in which the Republican national convention turned a deaf ear to the plea for justice for agriculture." This, of course, is only a straw indicating the direction the wind is blowing. But there are many similar straws. The Corn Belt Committee, meeting only a short time previously, adopted resolutions of a similar trend as expressing the sentiments of the farm leaders of ten States; one of the largest farm organizations in Missouri has openly thrown its influence behind the Democratic cause; the North Dakota Nonpartisan Leaguers, as previously stated, refused to indorse Hoover. In Nebraska the Federation of German-American Societies, at a meeting as late as the middle of September, passed resolutions vigorously condemning the religious whispering tactics, declaring: "We therefore vigorously resist any attempt to require a religious qualification for public office, even though it be the Presidency of the United States."

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Also, there are straw-vote polls of threshing crews and farmer picnic gatherings which are startlingly off-color to Republican eyes.

By the sixth of November all such signs may have been blown away by the hot winds and cyclones of political oratory which will sweep over the land for the next few weeks. The newspapers, it must be remembered, are largely Republican, and are pounding away for Hoover with insidious cunning while pretending to be fair; the political machinery from the township trustee boards to the top floors of the State capitol buildings are Republican, and ready to use any ruse necessary to keep the voters "regular"; the Catholic-hating parsons have quit sleeping nights in order to keep abreast of the Ku Klux processions; the ardent prohibitionists are exerting themselves to the utmost. All these forces were aroused to more frantic efforts by Smith's invasion of the West, and the dashing, daring bravery with which he attempted to drag into the open—and across "the great open spaces"—the big issues of the campaign. I have seen the most promising of bumper corn crops curl up in a day under the blasts of a hot August wind, and I have seen wheat fields, hailed out until they were considered total losses, revive and produce near-normal yields at harvest time. I have seen political structures crumble in a fortnight, and I have seen popular idols put into power in spite of every agency that could be employed by the opposition. So I shall continue to be an optimist regardless of the outcome.

California Is for Hoover

By GEORGE P. WEST

Sausalito, September 17

IT is scarcely news that Herbert Hoover will carry California by a large majority. In normal years the State is overwhelmingly Republican. The Hiram Johnson progressives, whose snubbing by Hughes and subsequent defection threw the State to Wilson in 1916, are this time working in harmony with the party's right wing. So are the independents, who, caught by Wilsonian "idealism" and then antagonized by the frank and almost illiterate toryism of Harding and Coolidge, now recognize in Hoover their own genteel and orthodox brand of righteousness and are further attracted by the fact that he has ridden on many steamships, acquired many respectable dollars, won world-wide fame, and read quite a number of books. His being an engineer appeals to a vast number who refuse to realize that the Presidency is politics and that politics is itself a highly skilled trade, if not a profession. It is a campaign slogan that we need the expert in government. By a curious confusion of ideas, Hoover the engineer is an expert, Smith the masterly politician is not.

Hoover's dulness in the field of general ideas, his complaisance as a Cabinet officer during shameful years, his final speaking out only to recite the Coolidge-Harding ritual and bid for the continued support of their crowd, his ineptitude in the selection of men (at least in the political sphere, *vide* Dr. Work and Curtis D. Wilbur, whom he urged on Coolidge for the Navy Department)—not any or all of these are permitted to count against him in the appraisal of Californians. From admiring Hoover it seems but a step to idolatry, and in typical California groups to criticize him even moderately is to arouse resentment. There is something about this silent, bashful man who has successfully managed engineering works in many quarters of the globe and who won, in 1914, the admiration of the world by his direction of Belgian relief that either bores and irritates or makes of his cause a cult. Perhaps it is that his dulness caters to the dull man's distrust of cleverness, and in Hoover's case dulness is combined with really distinguished achievement. For it is the dulness of the "practical" man, a dulness which he shares with nine successful business men out of ten, and therefore the orthodox American brand which is not dulness at all in the eyes of those who regard the Coolidge era as a golden age. It is, that is to say, the dulness of the extrovert who is an immensely able executive in accomplishing any purpose (Mississippi relief, feeding the starving, making a mine pay), on the goodness of which all men are agreed, but who becomes confused and irritated and ineffectual when his purpose is challenged by the raising of those philosophical and sociological questions that are the stuff of politics.

Also it is very important in its bearing on the California result that Hoover, now a Californian, was born on an Iowa farm and that his people were hard-working, pious Protestants. To be born in the Middle West and then to come and live in California is, for hundreds of thousands of Californians, the perfect way of life, and reason enough to vote for the only candidate who has achieved it.

Hiram Johnson's support of Hoover is in compliance with an agreement by which he received the Republican nomination for United States Senator without opposition. Johnson gained nothing except a summer free from the strain of a campaign, for his renomination was already assured. And he gave very little, for he would probably have had to support Hoover in any case. Mercifully freed of his own Presidential ambition, he is today a happier man and a more engaging figure than in many years past, but with his mellowing has come a philosophical acceptance of things that can't be helped. Johnson's personal meeting with Hoover at Palo Alto was formal and probably a little strained. He did not hesitate, a week or two later, to "jam" Hoover by declaring in a speech in southern California that no man was too big to be required to tell where he stood on Boulder Dam, and Hoover's slightly ambiguous declaration at Los Angeles a few days later in favor of the project (he carefully refrained from indorsing the Swing-Johnson bill by name) was accepted as the carrying out of a bargain. But whatever Johnson's personal and private estimate of the Republican nominee may be, there is no question that his organization, and Governor Young in particular, is wholeheartedly for Hoover. Johnson personally has kept whatever remains anywhere of the fervor and conviction of the California progressive movement of 1910-1916. While he has usually worked and fought with the left wing of his party in Washington, his crowd in California have grown fat with years and success until no issue and no difference in temperament

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or philosophy separate them from old-guard Republicans.

San Francisco is the Smith stronghold and will probably give him a fair-sized majority. It would be a huge majority if the gang were not held in the Republican Party by that party's control of State and federal jobs. Dripping wet Irish Catholics—graduates of saloon and trades-union politics who belong by every test in the Smith camp—are unhappily serving on Hoover committees because they must keep control of the local Republican organization if they wish jobs for themselves and their friends.

All the newspapers in San Francisco and Los Angeles are for Hoover, the two in each city that circulate among Smith followers being owned one by Hearst and the other by Scripps-Howard, and hence getting their national policies, as they get their comic strips, by mail. Hearst's personal indorsement of Hoover probably carries no weight, but his cartoons and news columns do, for Californians are ignorant of the sound thrashing with which Smith closed Hearst's grotesque political career. Indeed outside of the villages Smith has only the three newspapers owned by C. K. McClatchy and his son Carlos—the Sacramento *Bee*, the Fresno *Bee*, and a paper at Modesto recently purchased. McClatchy is the choleric old-time owner-editor who demanded lamp-post justice for the I. W. W., imprisonment for Anita Whitney, and the election of La Follette in 1924. He is an admirable, cantankerous, unpredictable old hater, sadistically Puritan in lusting for the punishment of moral malefactors, violently opposed to prohibition, as angry about Hoover as he was about the Wobblies. I have not seen his newspapers, but Chester Rowell, a Hoover enthusiast, writes in his syndicated column that their intemperate abuse is helping the Republican candidate. In any case, they circulate only in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, whereas the State's voting strength is concentrated around Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay.

Governor Smith's campaign is just beginning as this article is written. A Smith supporter who assigns any reason except the prohibition issue for his preference faces surprised challenge on every side and realizes that Al Smith has not "got over" at all at this distance from Albany. The Hearst-Republican effort to classify him as the usual cynical Tammany politician succeeds because that classification is confirmed by the bare facts of his career leading up to the governorship. What California does not comprehend is the simple old-fashioned "goodness" of the man and the humane intelligence that has won him the good-will of the most critical public-spirited groups in New York.

A foot-note should be added to chronicle the prevalence in California of a phenomenon that must be general in this campaign—the snobbishness encountered everywhere that chooses Hoover on two odious counts: one, that his wife would better grace the White House, and the other that Hoover's incumbency would add to the prestige of Americans traveling abroad. It is reason enough to vote for Smith.

Asquith Reveals War Secrets*

By WILLIAM MACDONALD

COMMENTING in his recently published "Memories and Reflections" upon the "debatable problem in the minor ethics of literature" of "the relations between what is called the professional or political diarist and the world of his actual or potential readers," the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith remarks, apropos of the "Greville Memoirs," that there seems to him to be "no occasion why, after a decent interval, such a journal should not, with all possible verification of details, be published with the same freedom and fullness as the correspondence of the dead." Asquith himself, save for a brief period, did not keep a diary, but he made extensive memoranda from day to day, and a good deal of what he recorded, all of it informing and some of it sarcastic or entertaining, may now be read.

At the moment when the war clouds of 1914 began to gather, the Irish question was absorbing the attention of the Asquith Government, and it continued to be a disturbing issue for some months after hostilities were well under way. On July 24, however, Sir Edward Grey laid before the Cabinet a statement which, according to Asquith, showed a European situation "about as bad as it possibly can be." With Austria, Serbia, Russia, Germany, and France actually or potentially involved, "we are within measurable distance of a real Armageddon." "The curious thing," he wrote two days later, "is that on many, if not most, of the points Austria has a good and Servia a very bad case, but the Austrians are quite the stupidest people in Europe. There is a brutality about their mode of procedure which will make most people think that this is a case of a big Power bullying a little one."

The main question, of course, was what to do about it. "It is one of the ironies of the case," he notes on July 29, "that we, being the only Power who has made so much as a constructive suggestion in the direction of peace, are blamed by both Russia and Germany for causing the outbreak of war." "The City, which is in a terrible state of depression and paralysis, is for the time being [July 30] all against English intervention." There was Belgian neutrality to consider, however, and "France, through Cambon, is pressing strongly for a reassuring declaration [July 31]." On August 1, when the news of the Russian order for mobilization arrived, Asquith called a taxi and drove to Buckingham Palace. "The King was hauled out of his bed, and one of my strangest experiences was sitting with him, clad in a dressing gown, while I read the message and the proposed answer."

The same August 1 saw the beginning of the Cabinet divergence which thereafter, with only short periods of harmony, ran its vexatious course. "Lloyd George, all for peace, is more sensible and statesmanlike for keeping the position still open. Grey declares that if an out-and-out and uncompromising policy of non-intervention at all costs is adopted he will go. Winston Churchill very bellicose and demanding immediate mobilization." The next day John Burns resigned, followed by John Morley and Sir John Simon, after Grey, in a speech in the House of Commons, had committed the Government to the war which had then begun.

* This article sets forth the political aspects of Asquith's "Memories and Reflections." The book is reviewed in this week's book supplement—EDITOR THE NATION.

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On August 5 Asquith decided to give up the War Office portfolio and install Kitchener, who proved a tower of strength to his chief but a source of extreme annoyance to Sir John French, who fares rather badly in Asquith's memoranda, and to the bellicose Churchill. "It will be amusing," Asquith wrote, to see how Kitchener, who was not a politician, "gets on in the Cabinet." The dispatch of the Expeditionary Force, begun in profound secrecy, was ordered, but a discussion of plans for attacking Germany in Africa and China moved Asquith to remark to his colleagues that "we looked more like a gang of Elizabethan buccaneers than a meek collection of black-coated Liberal Ministers." By August 21 the center of interest had shifted to Turkey, and again Asquith found the varying views of his Cabinet amusing: "Winston violently anti-Turk; Kitchener strong that Rumania is the real pivot of the situation; Masterman eagerly pro-Bulgarian, but very much against any aggressive action vis-á-vis Turkey which would excite our Musselmans in India and Egypt; Lloyd George keen for Balkan confederation; Grey judicious and critical all round; Haldane instructive, and the 'Beagles' and 'Bobtails' silent and bewildered."

The Continent, what with the Belgians and the French, jealousies and recriminations over questions of command and cooperation, and the speedy emergence of a demand that Italy and the Balkan States should be brought in on the Allied side, was as troublesome as Turkey. On October 3, with the Belgians reported as on the eve of abandoning Antwerp, "the intrepid Winston set off at midnight" to see what he could do. "I do not know," wrote Asquith while awaiting the result, "how fluent he is in French, but if he was able to do himself justice in a foreign tongue, the Belges will have listened to a discourse the like of which they have never heard before." The mission had some success, but an unexpected consequence was Churchill's plea to be allowed to command the Seventh Division which had been sent to the Belgians' aid. "Winston," Asquith notes, "is an ex-lieutenant of Hussars and would, if his proposal had been accepted, have been in command of two distinguished major-generals, not to mention brigadiers, colonels, etc., while the Navy were only contributing their little brigade." Kitchener, meantime, was fearful of a German invasion, and Lloyd George and Kitchener waged a "royal row" over recruiting in Wales.

The year's close found Asquith gloomy and perplexed. Sir Maurice Hankey wanted to "clear the Turk out of Europe," Churchill wanted to close the Baltic so that Russia might "land her troops within 90 miles of Berlin," and Delcassé was "extremely anxious to bring the Japanese into the European theatre." To this latter plan Japan was averse, and Asquith, who was "not very much enamoured of the idea," could not see "what inducement in the way of material gain could be offered them, except the certainty of retaining Kiauchau"; but Churchill "derides any scruples as born of perverted sentiment, and remarks with truth: 'The great thing is to win the war.'" On January 5 Lord Fisher, who proposed to shoot all the German prisoners in England by way of reprisal for the Zeppelin raids, abruptly resigned when Churchill "refused to embrace this statesmanlike suggestion." The one bright spot was a cable from Sir Cecil Spring Rice, British Ambassador at Washington, who reported on Christmas Day his conviction that "both the German and Austrian Ambassadors there are working for peace."

Asquith appears to have surrendered early to the idea of bringing in other Powers. Referring on January 7, 1915, to the question of a choice of theaters and objectives, he notes that "one must always keep in view the chances of bringing in Italy, Rumania, and such minor but not negligible quantities as Greece and Bulgaria." Two weeks later he wrote: "I have urged Grey to put the strongest possible pressure upon Rumania and Greece to come in without delay, and to promise that if they will form a real Balkan bloc we will send some of our troops to join them and save the situation." If Lloyd George could have had his way, he would have set out at the end of February for Russia and the Balkans "as a kind of extra ambassador and emissary," but Grey was "dead opposed." By March 6 Asquith thought the situation acute. Russia, apparently with the approval of France, had refused absolutely to allow the Greeks any share in "the Dardanelles business," while the Greeks, on their side, "wish to avoid committing themselves to fighting against anybody but the Turks and possibly the Bulgarians," will not "raise a finger" for Serbia, "and even want all the time to keep on not unfriendly terms with Germany and Austria." "Two most infernal problems" had arisen. Italy was probably "coming in," although Russia "strongly objects," and Russia also intended to take over Constantinople and the Straits.

A memorandum entry on March 25 shows Asquith opposed to Churchill's land-grabbing program. He had been discussing "the whole international situation" with Grey, and notes that "Winston is very anxious that if, when the war ends, Russia has got Constantinople, and Italy Dalmatia, and France Syria, we should be able to appropriate some equivalent share of the spoils—Mesopotamia with or without Alexandretta, a sphere in Persia, and some German colonies, etc. I believe that at the moment Grey and I are the only two men who doubt and distrust any such settlement. We both think that in the real interests of our own future the best thing would be if at the end of the war we could say that we had taken and gained nothing"—a statement somewhat suggestive of Wilson's "peace without victory." The reason, Asquith hastens to explain, is not merely moral or sentimental, but practical, as evidenced by the difficulties that would be met with in administering Mesopotamia. "The great thing for the moment," he goes on at once to set down, "is to bring in Italy." On March 29 Grey tells him that the Italians "are slightly contracting the orifice of their gullet and would now be content to neutralize the Dalmatian Coast from Spalato southwards, provided they can keep and fortify the outlying islands." On April 5 the Italians were "still holding out for their one and a half pounds of flesh, but I do not mean to give them up." The secret treaty of London, it will be recalled, was signed by Great Britain, France, Italy, and Russia on April 26, but there is no mention of the fact in Asquith's memoranda.

As far as his notes show, Asquith appears to have learned only on March 25 of Churchill's intrigue to turn Grey out of the Foreign Office and put in Balfour. Massingham brought the "horrible tale." Lloyd George, who had dropped in for "his favorite morning indulgence, ten minutes' discursive discussion on things in general," thought the story "substantially true" and expressed the opinion that Churchill "has, for the time being at any rate, allowed himself to be swallowed whole by A. J. B." "It is a pity," Asquith observes, "that Winston has not a better sense of

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proportion. I am really fond of him, but I regard his future with many misgivings. I do not think he will ever get to the top in English politics with all his wonderful gifts." On the other hand Lloyd George, whatever he may have thought of the intrigue, was "red-hot with a plan, or rather an idea, for nationalizing the drink trade. He has had a lot of brewers with him at and after breakfast and has already made an appointment with two skilled accountants to go into figures this afternoon." Asquith warned him that a state monopoly in drink would be "a most dangerous thing politically," but Lloyd George clung tenaciously to the idea, and it was not until past the middle of April that Asquith was able to record that "the Great Purchase Folly is as dead as Queen Anne," and that "we also cleared out of the way total prohibition."

On May 17, 1915, Asquith asked for the resignations of his Cabinet, and a Coalition Ministry was presently formed which continued until December, 1916, when it was broken up and Asquith himself retired. It cost him some pangs, in remaking his Cabinet, to drop Lord Haldane, who had been bitterly assailed by the press for his alleged German sympathies and whom Bonar Law and his associates insisted should be displaced as Lord Chancellor, and to transfer Churchill to a minor post and put Balfour in the Admiralty. The change, which Asquith declares "was to the knowledge of all concerned a hazardous experiment," worked better than was to be expected, although nothing short of the exigencies of war could preserve the semblance of harmony in such an ill-assorted political aggregation.

Asquith's contacts with the French evoke, in his memoranda and familiar correspondence, repeated sarcasm and depreciation, mixed with comment upon the manhandling of the French language by some of his colleagues. "I have never heard so much bad French spoken in my life," he wrote from Calais, on July 6, 1915, where he had conferred with Joffre, Millerand, Delcassé, Viviani, and others. "Not one of the French could speak a word of English. . . . Viviani is the cleverest, though he looks sleepy and rather commonplace." Later, in December, again at Calais, where Balfour spoke "in moderate but intelligible French," he succeeded, with Kitchener's help, in persuading the French to agree to the abandonment of Salonika, although the next day they were "once more in full cry for its retention." The return passage across the Channel "on one of the foulest nights I have ever seen" wrecked Balfour's stomach. "I said to him when at last we reached Dover: 'Well, at any rate, we have not been mined or torpedoed.' To which he replied: 'I wish to God we had.' "

So went the holy cause behind the scenes. Asquith hated war and was deeply moved by its horrors. His criticism of military or naval plans and operations was often sound. Once the war was fully under way, however, he fell in with the procession, deplored the early apathy in England, and did his best to drag in as many of the Powers as possible on the Allied side. His first Cabinet was a bear-garden, and while he exerted himself with success to curb the wild schemes of Churchill and the fantastic ambitions of Lloyd George, he lacked the rude strength needed to knock heads together and compel order from discord. It would be idle to suggest that any one else might have done better, for the times themselves were out of joint, and the unbridled performances of politicians jarred harshly upon the temper of an old-school gentleman such as Asquith was, but one puts down the "Memories and Reflections" with a feeling that British statesmanship, as Asquith pictures it during the war period and as he himself illustrates it in the months of his greatest test, is not a thing to be remembered with regard.

In the Driftway

AT least once a day a man or even a woman in these degenerate days comes moaning to the Drifter. "The same old routine," they say, "every morning and every night. The same old desk, the same faces opposite, the same boss." If not of the monotony, they complain that they are slaves of a tyrant. "I can't ever do the sort of work I want. The boss wants only to make money. I'm an artist and I have to work for a man who thinks art is indecent." Thus they cry and wring their hands. And at the end of their plaint they point to the Drifter. "You're the lucky one," they say. "Nothing to do all day but poke around in odd corners for something a little out of the ordinary; and not so much out of the ordinary at that. I've even known you to write about the weather. If I could make my living that way, how happy I should be!"

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not reply when thus addressed. He refuses to tell whether he likes his job or not. But he sometimes thinks that if he does, he is unique in the world. He has wondered if a general reassortment of workers would bring happier results. Thus he hears of a certain publisher that he is a poet and a dreamer, that he "knows nothing about business." What if all the young, aspiring poets and dreamers could be his clerks and salesmen? Would they be a happy family, understanding each other's weakness and strength? Would they despise each other for the same futile ambitions? Cynics would say that the business would not be solvent long enough for either of these eventualities to happen. Yet poets have moved empires and built machines to advance the centuries. If all the hard-headed business men worked only for hard-headed bosses, what a dull world this would be!

* * * * *

THIS brings us to the highly moral if scarcely comforting doctrine that the world thrives on discontent. Long ago, when the Drifter was so young as to be a student in college, one of his more ambitious pieces of literary creation was looked on with disfavor because, in the words of its critic, "it lacked struggle." The Drifter thought this very humorous when it happened. But now that gray hairs are descending upon him he acknowledges that it is not without truth. Paradoxically enough, the wheels of the world turn because of the sand that is in them. If everybody loved his job and could find nothing to criticize in his superiors, half the joy would be taken out of life during office hours and considerably less work, the Drifter feels sure, would get done. Not a few tasks are completed to "show that old curmudgeon I'm not as big a fool as he thinks I am." And one way of escaping the deadly monotony of a pursuit is to invent new ways of doing it.

* * * * *

LIKE all rules, this one has its exception. The Drifter knows one person who actually loves his job, who begins early and quits late, not because he must but because he will. Nor does he put his daily work aside when the

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day is finished; he takes it home with him in the evening, it accompanies him while he dines, while he makes merry, and doubtless while he sleeps. It would be agreeable, for the sake of the Drifter's theory, to add that this contented one is on the point of being ignominiously dismissed. Exactly the contrary is the case! What the moral is the Drifter does not know. Being merely a Drifter, he does not have to find out. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Tilson Denies All

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After waiting two weeks for a response to my request for the name of the anonymous writer who, in your issue of September 19, charged me with taking part in an alleged "whispering campaign," it seems that I am to be allowed the poor privilege of denying through your publication in some later issue something which everyone who knows me knew at the outset was false.

I still think that you should have furnished me with the name of the anonymous writer because any newspaper correspondent who will deliberately manufacture statements and charge them to another, as your correspondent did in this instance, is unworthy of the confidence of the public or of public men, and should be singled out so as to be shunned thereafter.

Likewise, your failure to have your correspondent indicate the source of the alleged information leaves a cloud upon the reputation of a score of the best newspaper men in the country, who are covertly charged by your anonymous correspondent with furnishing the foundation for his groundless accusation. If it should develop that even one of the twenty newspaper men who accompanied Mr. Hoover on his western trip was willing to stoop to falsehood in order to give point to an otherwise pointless article, his identity should be made known. I am sorry that the policy of your publication is such that you do not find it advisable to reveal the name or names of those who are ready to attack only in the dark.

At any rate, I thank you for the opportunity to say through the same medium carrying the original accusation that any charge to the effect that on the Hoover western trip, or at any other time or place, I sought to inject into the campaign a religious issue, or that I ever referred in any manner other than reverently to any church or to anyone's religious affiliations, is either maliciously or ignorantly false, for it is surely without the slightest foundation in fact.

New York, September 28 JOHN Q. TILSON

[We are very glad to have Mr. Tilson's assurance in the above letter. We must, however, point out that:

1. The delay in printing his letter has been due to unavoidable difficulty in communicating with our own and other correspondents who were on the train with Mr. Tilson and are still traveling in the West;

2. The anonymity of our correspondent must be upheld because our agreement with him compels it; the custom of anonymous writing from Washington is directly due to the fact that otherwise correspondents who have other newspaper affiliations are subject to pressure and attacks from those whom they criticize, even to the extent of having their positions jeopardized;

3. Our correspondent, in whose integrity we have fullest confidence, still believes that he heard Mr. Tilson make the remarks attributed to him. In view of Mr. Tilson's emphatic denial we can only attribute the incident to a misunderstanding of words in a crowd. Neither our correspondent nor *The Nation* has the slightest desire to do else than justice to Mr. Tilson.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Catholic Bigotry Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps you do not make enough allowance for anti-Catholic bigotry. Is is not in many cases more or less of a reaction to Catholic bigotry? Are we Catholics not largely to blame ourselves?

You will guess that I have something on my mind . . . some grievance . . . and I have. Three years ago I left the Jesuit order, but not the Church. Last year I published a book, "The Jesuit Enigma," which criticized the Jesuits severely but was in no sense an attack upon my Church. But for publishing that book I have been vetoed as a lecturer on psychology by the New York Board of Education, although I had previously been acceptable. In effect this means that W. J. O'Shea and J. M. Sheahan, both of course Catholics, exercise their control over New York City public money with an eye to the religious behavior of city employees. Is not this a case of benighted bigotry on the part of Catholic officials? I told Father F. P. Duffy about it and he described it as "medieval bigotry"! Why should not a non-Catholic expect that there would be much more of that sort of thing if Al Smith were elected?

New York, September 19 E. BOYD BARRETT

Too Dense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the first page of your current issue the statement is made that "Porto Rico's territory is more densely populated than any other portion of the Western Hemisphere."

You give the population of Porto Rico as 378 to the square mile. If this is correct, it may interest your readers to know that there are several territories in the Western Hemisphere which are much more densely populated than Porto Rico. Bermuda has over 1,400 to the square mile, Barbados about 1,000 and Carriacou more than 500.

Catskill, N. Y., September 22 ALLEYNE IRELAND

Editor's Troubles

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No man that can indorse a Catholic for office can edit a paper for me. I must part with *The Nation.*

Peach, Texas, September 5 J. N. DAVIS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Drop my name from your list. The article about Hoover and the Whispering Campaign is enough to disgust any fair-minded person.

St. Louis, September 25 HATTIE GOODING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mrs. G. T. Packard's subscription will not be continued. She agreed with Mr. Villard in his article in the November 30th issue of *The Nation* upon the undesirability of a presidential possibility who drank too much for his own good. There is nothing left but to part company.

Philadelphia, Pa., September 16 MRS. G. T. PACKARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read and re-read your editorial "Should Liberals Vote for Smith?" in *The Nation* for September 26, to find cogent reason for your attitude. How can a truly liberal paper fail to indorse the candidate of the Socialist Party, the only party that has for its chief aim the creation of a new economic order based on production for use instead of for profit?

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 25 LOUIS EPSTEIN

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International Relations Section

The Filipino's Land

By ANDRES V. CASTILLO

THE Philippines are essentially an agricultural country and for a number of decades to come the main reliance of the people will be on the products of the soil. A program of economic exploitation must face the problems of agriculture, and with the problems of agriculture is closely intertwined the question of land ownership. Who shall own the land and who shall cultivate it? Is small-land proprietorship compatible with economic progress in the Philippines? Is large-scale farming better for the country than the present system? These are some of the questions that must be answered.

Governor General Stimson has shown solicitude to effect a rapid economic exploitation of the Philippines. Through his initiative investigations of various aspects of the economic life of the people have been undertaken. Lyman P. Hammond spent nearly three months investigating the economic conditions of the Islands. Another investigation on the financial condition of the country, with special reference to banking, is being carried on by a New York economist. The result of the Hammond investigation points to the need of large capital and a kind of cooperation known as big business. That capital, American capital, is needed to carry on a vast economic program has been conceded by Americans as well as Filipinos. The reasons why American capital has not come to the Philippines as it should have never been made clear. Various reasons have been advanced, the most important the unsettled political status of the Islands and the fact that the land and corporation laws do not permit the entry of American capital as in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and various countries of Central and South America.

The economic program of Governor Stimson calls for a revision of these laws so as to permit the coming of capital on a large scale. It has been said that these laws are antiquated and America has long abandoned the legislation upon which the Philippine acts were patterned. In other words, American capital would come to the Islands only with big land grants—beyond what the present laws permit. Mr. Stimson says in his message that "what capital demands and what it has a right to expect is safety of investment and the certainty of fair treatment under the law of the country where the investment is made." He recommends "a wise and conservative revision of the land laws, as well as of all the laws under which capital comes in contact with government," so as to insure the capitalists that the enterprise in which they invest their money will be fairly, justly, and equitably treated by the officials.

To discover the merits of such a plan let us go back to a segment of Philippine history. During the Spanish administration the Philippines, like all the Spanish colonies in America, was divided into *encomiendas* under the charge of an *encomendero*. These large tracts of land, usually the most fertile part of the country, were the counterpart and survivals of the manorial system in England. The feudal system with all its pristine tyrannies did not spare the Philippines. The friars owned large agricultural areas with all the privileges and immunities from taxation accorded to church property. The question of the friar lands, which amounted to 400,000 acres, was one of the main causes of civil disturbances during the Spanish regime. The Americans came in 1898, and with their idealism and altruism these abuses were corrected. Mr. Taft issued the now famous dictum "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Congress embodied that pronouncement in its act of 1902. This act, among other things, provided for the transfer to the Philippine Government of all property and other rights in the Philippines acquired by the United States from the kingdom of Spain through the Treaty of Paris. Section 15 of this act authorized the granting or sale of public agricultural lands by the Philippine Government in amounts of not more than 16 hectares (40 acres) to a person or 1,024 hectares (2,530 acres) to a corporation. Sales were to be conditioned on occupancy, improvement, or cultivation of the land. The Jones Law of 1916 amended Section 15 of the act of 1902 by increasing the allotment to an individual from 16 hectares to 24 hectares (54 acres). In the case of a corporation the allotment is the same.

The present land law of the Philippines is very liberal indeed. Any citizen of lawful age of the Philippine Islands, or of the United States, and any corporation or association of which at least 61 per cent of the capital stock, or of any interest in said capital stock, belongs wholly to citizens of the Philippines or of the United States may purchase a tract of public land not to exceed 247 acres in the case of an individual and 2,530 in the case of a corporation. Public lands may also be leased, 2,530 acres in both cases. Leases last for twenty-five years and can be renewed for another twenty-five years. If improvements have been accomplished to the satisfaction of the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, another twenty-five years can be granted. The rental of leased land is 3 per cent of the appraised valuation, subject to appraisal every ten years from the date of the approval of the contract. Lands sold are appraised by the Director of Lands with the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources. The appraised value is to be at least equal to the expense incurred by the government. Citizens of foreign countries may buy land not in excess of 247 acres with the express authorization of the Legislature.

It has been argued that under the present land law rubber, sugar, and other products exported to foreign countries cannot be produced at a profit because of the limited acreage allowed by the law, and there has been an agitation on the part of big business to make the Filipinos change existing legislation so as to give a chance to big corporations to come in and exploit the natural resources. In the light of the testimony of persons engaged in the rubber industry in the Philippines, such a demand is unjustified. Dr. James W. Strong, vice-president and general manager of the American Rubber Company of Mindanao, writing in the American Chamber of Commerce *Journal* of June, 1926, makes this interesting observation:

> There is no reason why America cannot grow her own rubber in the Philippine Islands under present conditions. The present land law permits the buying of 2,500 acres and the leasing of an equal amount. This area is a good economic unit. Were it permissible to hold larger areas, they would certainly be split up into smaller sizes for advantageous management. Why not start it off in this way?

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PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A book of timely portraits, as daring and lively as they are pertinent to this presidential year. Hoover, the "Supersalesman," is there, and Al Smith, "Governor Extraordinary," and all the other figures of the year's political drama. Mr. Villard's book is confidently recommended to all who wish to meet some politicians without their masks. $3.50

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So thorough is his knowledge of the men and events he discusses that a reading of this volume is almost like reading a political history of the past two decades.

Norfolk (Va.) Virginia Pilot.

More than being merely one of the most brilliant journalists we have today, Oswald Garrison Villard is an unusually shrewd observer of human nature. It may be that the latter qualification is essential to the former; whatever the case may be, he possesses both, a fact to which the candidly drawn word portraits in "Prophets True and False" attest.

Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.

One comes away from "Prophets True and False" with an enhanced respect for its author and a wealth of provocative information.

New York Herald Tribune.

It is high praise to say it, but I do not see how a serious student of personalities and policies in present-day American public life can afford to neglect reading this most important and readable book.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age.

Mr. Villard is shy of rhetoric, but he knows very well how to write. He gets his effects simply, but with the quiet assurance of an old journalist. Few men of his time have known American politics and politicians better than he, and none has dealt with them in a more illuminating manner. He is not impartial, thank God!

Henry L. Mencken in The Nation.

Alfred A. Knopf BORZOI BOOKS *Publisher, N. Y.*

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An American sugar planter, Francis J. Cooper, writing in this same publication in February, 1928, claims that sugar cane could be grown profitably on a plantation the size of which is a little over 100 hectares (225 acres). The report of the committee authorized by Congress to investigate rubber growing in the Philippines entitled "Possibilities for Para Rubber Production in the Philippines" reads in part:

> The present land laws, designed to retain a diffused land ownership, do not lend themselves to large corporations in rubber lands. Nevertheless, moderate-size plantations are possible with foreign capital and, moreover, the small native planter might become a producer of important further supplies.

The Governor General draws largely from the experiences of America for methods to attain a more rapid economic development of the Islands. He wants to introduce large-scale production controlled by big business to carry out his economic program. Economic development by way of big business, now in vogue in America, would not necessarily succeed in the Philippines or elsewhere. What is the hurry in the exploitation of the natural resources of the Islands? A sudden change in the economic life of the people not followed by a corresponding change in their habits, manners, and customs will prove disastrous.

The land laws of the Philippines today afford equal treatment to Filipinos and Americans; they give equal opportunity to all and special privileges to none. What the Governor General wants is a piece of legislation protecting big capital, which means the doom of the average and individual business man. In other words, he means to say just what the Republican Administration in the United States has said, that the government should take care of those at the top and they will take care of the rest. "Profitless prosperity," charged against the present Administration in America, as shown by the prosperity of the big corporations and the decay of the average business man, would arrive in the Philippines. The Governor General is working toward exacting the same terms as the United States got in Liberia—a monopoly of the agricultural and financial opportunities of the country. Mr. Firestone asked the Filipinos three years ago for big land grants for rubber production, but the Philippine Government refused to pass the necessary legislation.

A program of vast economic development brings with it the problem of labor. How would the Filipino laborers fare in this economic system? Philippine labor would have to face foreign competition. Right at the door are the hungry and unemployed millions of China seeking employment. The exclusion act also applies to the Philippines, but it is also a fact that the Chinese continue to come to the Philippines through Borneo and other back doors in spite of the law. The cheap labor afforded by the Chinese would prove to be a strong temptation to American capitalists whose profits would necessarily depend upon cost of production, the most important item of which is cost of labor.

The land laws of the Philippines are designed to encourage and preserve the small farmer, the ordinary people, the backbone of the nation. The spirit behind the laws is to build a nation of small landowners, which is fast being realized, and to eliminate the absentee landlord. We need not scan the pages of industrial history long to find the abuses of the plantation system. Conditions in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and some countries of Central and South America should not be overlooked. These countries are economically exploited to the highest degree, but what is the economic, political, and social status of the native inhabitants? They simply labor for the foreigner's profit, work for another man's gain.

Contributors to This Issue

W. G. CLUGSTON is a Kansas journalist.

GEORGE P. WEST is a writer of California.

MORRIS L. ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE are New York lawyers.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD has just published "Travelling Standing Still."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

ALEXANDER BAKSHY, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation.*

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S. K. RATCLIFFE is an English journalist, now on the staff of the *New Statesman.*

WILLIAM MACDONALD frequently review books on American history for *The Nation.*

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN review books regularly for *The Nation.*

CARL VAN DOREN is the author of "The Ninth Wave" and the editor of the Literary Guild.

KUNO FRANCKE is professor emeritus of German literature and culture at Harvard University.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS contributes frequently to *The Nation.*

MARK VAN DOREN is publishing this fall a third book of poems, entitled "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and an "Anthology of World Poetry."

B. H. HAGGIN is studying music in Europe.

ANDRES V. CASTILLO, a Filipino, is a graduate student at Columbia University.

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BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Agate, James. Rachel. Viking. $2.
Alexander, Ryllis Clair. Ed. The Diary of David Garrick. Oxford University Press. $8.50.
Asquith, Earl of Oxford and. Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927. Little, Brown. 2 vols. $10.00.
Barrus, Clara. Ed. The Heart of Burroughs's Journals. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Belloc, Hilaire. James the Second. Lippincott. $4.
Bertrand, Louis. Louis XIV. Longmans, Green. $5.
Beveridge, Albert J. Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.
Bie, Oscar. Schubert, The Man. Dodd, Mead. $3.
Boas, Ralph and Louise. Cotton Mather, Keeper of the Puritan Conscience. Harper. $3.50.
Boyd, Thomas. Simon Girty. Minton, Balch. $3.50.
Canot, Captain. Adventures of an African Slaver. Boni. $4.
Chapman, Guy. Ed. The Travel-Diaries of William Beckford. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.
Church, Richard. Mary Shelley. Viking. $2.
Chotzinoff, Samuel. Eroica. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.
Curle, Richard. The Last Twelve Years of Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Dorr, Rheta Childe. Susan B. Anthony. Stokes. $5.
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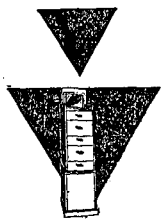

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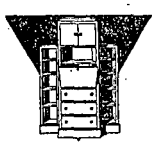
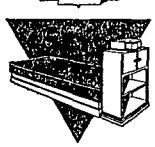

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Fall Book Section

The Literary Critic as Expert[1]

By MORRIS L. ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE

WHENEVER a book believed by most sane men to be an honest work of art is suddenly suppressed as "indecent" under our obscenity laws, many men of letters can be heard to say that the fiasco might have been avoided if the determination of such matters were left to qualified literary opinion. The literary critic as expert has been urged during the Boston book massacres as he was in the days when "The 'Genius'" and "Jurgen" came under the ban. It has been observed that it is impossible to imagine the suppression of these books by men of letters. The judicial tests of obscenity may be poor, but it is asked if part of their inadequacy does not lie in the very fact that they are judicial. Judge and jury are not fit to pass upon an author's work, but critics are equipped to make delicate distinctions. Standards of literary criticism should not be intrusted to amateurs. A writer is not judged by a jury of his peers when he is judged by an ordinary petit jury. Thus the argument runs.

In so far as the appeal to the literary critic involves the alternative of censorship in advance by a Committee of Authors and Publishers (whether such a censorship is voluntary or compulsory) his exclusion under the present system, it will be agreed, is much to be preferred. But how if the critic is not to act as censor but is simply to be called as an expert witness in a subsequent criminal obscenity trial, and asked his opinion of the challenged book as a work of literature? The obscenity laws are to remain, but prosecutions under them are to be ameliorated by the presence of the literary critic to guide the judge and jury. At first glance, the critic as literary expert appears to have a great deal to recommend him. It seems absurd that a work of literary art should be judged not by literary standards but by the rules of the criminal law which for the most part exclude them. Nevertheless, the compromise presented is an impossible one. The difficulties are both practical and theoretical, leading to numerous inconsistencies of position. There are to be considered the limitations of aesthetics, the limitations of individual critics, and the limitations of the legal system.

When the critic is called to the stand and declares that a book is "obscene" or not "obscene," he must be presumed to base his conclusion upon some standards. A doctor taking the stand as an expert can be examined as to the symptoms of a disease he has diagnosed in a patient. If the critic is to act as expert, he must be prepared to make similar explanations. Naturally, he will rely upon the canons of aesthetics, and will ask: "Is the book art?" Certainly, if aesthetics were a science, it should be able to limit the boundaries of the obscene. Its definition is of such vital moment to literature that one might have expected Anglo-Saxon critics especially to have devoted themselves to formulating a solution to the problem in terms of a system of aesthetics. But it is only necessary to recall the theory of art for art's sake as the leading contribution. The trouble lies in the fact that aesthetics is only a pseudo-science. Many a critical utterance as to the nature of "art" is highly ingenious but not very illuminating. A judge may have his shortcomings, but generally speaking he is far less generous in his dispensation of words than men of letters are. Except when moral fervor has interfered, the canons of construction have usually been kept more rigorous than the canons of aesthetics. All aesthetic speculation leads into mysticism. A great deal of it is charming and upon emotional levels affords satisfactions that are doubtless indispensable. The question is simply its authority for juristic purposes.

At once the first sacrifice of consistency is perceived. Most of the criticism of the obscenity laws has come from rebellious men of letters. They are the ones who are constantly saying that the standards of the obscenity laws are "subjective." They never tire of asserting that there is no uniform sense of the "obscene" and are always asking (of course, rhetorically) if it is so easy to recognize "the moral sense." Having delivered themselves of very scathing remarks concerning the "Comstocks" and the "Sumners" at their corner speakeasies, the critics depart for their studies and begin to explain to their publics the nature of "art," the conditions of "significant form," and the way to recognize immediately "the aesthetic sense."

But it must be obvious that art, too, is highly "subjective." For any number of judges who have defined "lewd" as "lustful," there are any number of critics who have defined "art" as the possession of "the aesthetic sense." But "the aesthetic sense" is no clearer than "the moral sense," and the test of "art" is as indeterminate as a working principle as is the test of "morals." The test of art is simply a highly organized complex composed of the difficult and far from exact tests of sincerity, truth, and intention. The appeal is simply from one mystery to another. One has only to consider the well-known remark of George Meredith that if a novel "is deeply conceived, it cannot be immoral." One has only to read some modern essays on the aesthetics of the obscene to discover that the greatest variety of attitude exists among critics as well as judges. A great deal naturally will depend upon a critic's position in the different aesthetic camps. Aesthetics, it is true, once offered some semblance of finality when few dared to dispute Aristotle's doctrine of katharsis. But literary authoritarianism is past and impressionism is the prevailing mood of modern criticism.

True, at times there have not been wanting critics who could infallibly recognize the obscene. "For the moral tendency of books," once observed John Ruskin, "no such practical sagacity is needed to determine that. The sense to a healthy mind of being strengthened or enervated by reading is just as definite and unmistakable as the sense to a healthy body of being in fresh or foul air." Again, John Erskine has remarked: "Well, if it is obscenity we war against, by all means root it out, for it can be recognized at a glance." But each of these instances of critical dogmatism has its

[1] From Chapter XI of "To the Pure . . .," a study of censorship soon to be published by The Viking Press.

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special irony. Whistler's suit for libel against Ruskin for calling one of his nocturnes "a pot of paint flung in the public face" may well stand as a general warning against debating art in the law courts. Some time after Mr. Erskine declared that obscenity could be recognized at a glance, he published "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" only to have it denounced by Rabbi Wise in a public sermon as "moral filth" and "corruption."

The history of literary criticism is full of confusion upon the subject of literary decency. Thackeray, who deplored the loss of the freedom of the days of Fielding, nevertheless excluded Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem Lord Walter's Wife from the *Cornhill Magazine*. Robert Buchanan, who attacked Rossetti so savagely, was one of the warmest defenders of Walt Whitman. Swinburne, whose "Poems and Ballads" shocked England in his time, was himself shocked by Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," but on the other hand defended the language of Aristophanes. Emerson asked of Shakespeare: "What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy?" But Coleridge observed: "Decency is a gift of reason and morals, as indecency is rooted in nature and passion. Shakespeare's words are too indecent to be translated."

The enthusiasm for the literary critic is predicated fundamentally upon the erroneous assumption that all critics are "good" critics. From this point of view a "good" critic presumably is one who is less sensitive to morality than to art. It is a common delusion derived from such object lessons as Marlowe, Villon, and Wilde to regard writers as a class as immoral. There is as little reason to look upon them as Olympians free from the prejudices of their times. The Victorian critics exhibited the same nausea as the middle class over what one of them called "the Ptolemaic system of sex." Charles Lamb held Fletcher's "The Faithful Shepherdess" to be "unfit for boys and virgins." Robert Hall found the moral tales of Maria Edgeworth debasing. Henry James accused Maupassant of picturing "a world where every man is a cad and every woman a harlot." Wendell Phillips remarked upon looking into "Leaves of Grass": "Here be all sorts of leaves except fig-leaves." The whole period in this country was perhaps best summed up in William Dean Howells's matter-of-fact observation: "Generally speaking, people now call a spade an agricultural implement."

If it is true that modern men of letters are on the whole freer from the preoccupations of decency, it must be remembered that members of the old guard still live to uphold Victorian standards. There is a group of writers which is almost regularly quoted in the literature of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and of the Clean Books League: they are such erstwhile rebels as Hamlin Garland, Irving Bacheller, and Edwin Markham. Many authors refused to sign the protest against the suppression of "The 'Genius'" even as in 1923 others refused to join in the protest against the suppression of "Jurgen." Professor Linn of the University of Chicago went so far as to call Cabell "a prosperous and affected pseudo-litterateur." His self-righteousness was equaled only recently when Professor Bliss Perry, speaking at a dinner of the Watch and Ward Society, referred to George Moore as "a satyr in his seventieth year."

There still remains the intelligent and liberal critic who can perhaps be trusted. When he understands, however, the only manner in which he can function as an "expert," he will not be very eager for a call. The limitations of the legal system interpose. As at present constituted it is unfortunately not adapted in any way to the adjudications of problems of literary art. The bewilderment of critics at present when they are called to testify in plagiarism suits should serve as ample warning. In a criminal obscenity trial a great many more ludicrous turns may be expected when the critic presumes to take the stand as expert A light-minded public prosecutor might make a great deal of the preliminary examination of the critic's qualification for "expertness." A doctor's, an engineer's expertness is easily established. But the state does not yet license poets, novelists, or literary critics. What will constitute an "expert" in literary criticism? Will it be inclusion in "Who's Who" as an author? Will the proffered critic have to be a member of the Authors' Club? We may yet hear a public prosecutor thunder in Part I, or VI, or XIV of the criminal courts as jurors and bailiffs listen agape:

"Do you mean to say you believe in art for art's sake?"

"What do you mean by 'art'?"

"Have you ever reviewed a book of the prisoner either favorably or unfavorably?"

As the critic will have to act as expert in the present criminal courts, he will be bound by its rules of evidence and procedure. These fairly require that if the indicted author or publisher is permitted to call literary critics to testify, the public prosecutor also be allowed the privilege. At once the literary critic as expert proves to be such a boomerang that one wonders why all the forces of morality have not hitherto united to welcome him with open arms. When the secretary of a vice society is put upon the stand, a decent-minded jury can be often made to feel that he is a literary spy and informer who is trying to make trouble for a reputable publisher. The cross-examination reveals the unpleasant tactics of vice-hunting. But with the literary critic as expert the defense would be in a much more difficult position. After it had called its radical critics, the prosecution would begin to call its conservative critics, and there might appear upon the scene Professor Bliss Perry or Professor Linn to say that the challenged book was very bad art and detrimental to morals. The effect upon the jury can well be imagined. If professors of literature in our higher institutions of learning denounced a book, it must obviously be criminally obscene. The verdict will be guilty.

Of course, the conservative critic might not necessarily think that the book should be suppressed. But again the rules of evidence would hamper him. The way the book should be treated would be a conclusion of law for the court and jury. When a psychiatrist is on the stand upon an issue of insanity in a murder trial he is allowed to say that he thinks the prisoner sane or insane, but it is beyond his province for him to add that he should or should not be hanged. Similarly the critic would not be able to state his whole position. The critic who thought a book bad art would be in a deplorable situation indeed. If he valued literature above the obligations of his oath he would simply have to lie. For instance, would Mr. Heywood Broun, who said in reviewing "Jurgen" that "In the hands of Cabell the joke becomes a bar-room story refurbished for the boudoir," say the same thing upon the stand?

It is unnecessary to repeat all the general objections to trial by expert in the law courts—the modern equivalent of wager of law and wager of battle. It is significant that

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the testimony of literary critics is also excluded in France and Germany, which have been more tolerant. The judge as literary critic certainly leaves much to be desired. But the confusion would only be increased when men of letters trooped before the criminal bar to save one of their number from the fell clutches of the law. It is undoubtedly desirable that judges and juries should proceed in as civilized a manner as possible, but it is better that they get their aesthetic appreciations elsewhere than in court. The fundamental incompatibility of the artist's and moralist's positions makes it idle to attempt any reconciliation. The assumption of the obscenity laws is that it is morality that is endangered, and if this is true, then it is obviously no answer that the ends of art are being served. The point is not that a book be judged by this standard or that but that it be not judged at all. It is only when the need for censorship is admitted that there can be any question of the literary critic as expert. His admission may spell an enlightened Puritanism but it is Puritanism none the less. The issue must be squarely fought until the case of either the moralist or the artist is invalidated.

Remembering Vaughan in New England

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

I saw reality the other night
By New England moon-light.

All of my life, living had been
One, or another, kind of dream.

Now nothing festooned itself between
Me and the substance of moon-beam.

The land is honest, small, and swept
Bare as a barn-yard floor

In winter. And no third thing crept
As it had, times before.

No feeling its mist to intervene;
No inner thought to warp,

I stood: And behold, the trees were lean,
And lo, the hills were sharp.

Moon's no ephemeral faint stuff,
First seen, painted upon

Windows and walls—it is yellow as dawn,
After dream, it is marvelous rough,

Coarse as hoar-frost—texture no dream
Can invent.
Cut my vague dreams away!

Moon in New England, O pure moon-beam,
Let it be day.

The Nihilism of Remy De Gourmont

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN 1921 Harcourt, Brace and Company published under the title "Decadence" one volume of selections from the work of Remy de Gourmont. About that time he was enjoying a considerable though somewhat esoteric vogue in America and his name was being invoked by the more "advanced" writers and readers in an awesome way not unlike that in which the name of Paul Valéry has been more recently cited. Since that time several of de Gourmont's books have been issued here in what appeared to be a rather random and aimless fashion, but his cult seems to have dissolved and to have illustrated by the rapidity of its dissolution the fact that the tastes of the intellectual are not always very much less changeable than those of the vulgar.

Now Richard Aldington has prepared two large volumes* which illustrate the whole range of de Gourmont's work and which afford to the reader ignorant of French his first opportunity to form anything like a just estimate of the work of one of the most distinguished critics of our time. The skill of Mr. Aldington's excellent translation is shown especially by his success in the difficult task of preserving the sharpness and the force of various detached *pensées*, and to gain or to renew an acquaintance with the critical and philosophical side of de Gourmont's genius through these pages is to be convinced that the indifference with which he is now generally regarded in America can hardly be due to any absolute defects in his work.

Certainly he deserves a place alongside of Anatole France in the great line of French skeptics, for if he lacked France's felicitous facility, and produced nothing so brilliantly easy as the latter's most popular tales, he had a far wider intellectual curiosity and a more strictly original genius. The two men were alike in cultivating doubt until their skepticism was Pyrrhonically absolute and in professing the most uncompromising Epicurianism in the realm of ethics, but de Gourmont was less often content than was his more popular contemporary merely to ring stylistic changes upon the commonplaces of his sect. France, indeed, seldom wandered far from his few simple themes. He regarded with complete indifference all the fields of human knowledge which have been opened up since the Renaissance and he stated his eternal problems in terms hardly different from those which Lucian employed. De Gourmont was, on the other hand, for all his professed love of paganism, as completely modern as Anatole France was timidly pseudo-classical. Since nothing which could be made the subject of analysis was indifferent to him, he went to science in search of the new weapons which science had forged for the use of the skeptic but which France never attempted to wield, and with them he attacked the faiths of the modern world in the very terms in which those faiths were stated. His central contention that there is no Truth as distinguished from the Truths which various men have variously held was the same as that of France or of any other absolute skeptic, but the route by which he reached it was dif-

* "Remy de Gourmont. Selections from All His Works, Chosen and Translated by Richard Aldington." Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and Woodcuts by Andre Rouveyre. Two Volumes. Covici-Friede. $10.

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ferent and so also is the whole intellectual background against which his mind worked. Unlike France he made full use of the fact that Darwinism gave the satirist's trick of identifying human with animal traits an apparent cogency which it never had before, and when, for example, he dismissed the attempt to presuppose a meaning to existence by asserting that life has no purpose except its own preservation, he was drawing, not upon the speculations of an ancient philosopher, but upon the argument which Schopenhauer documented with facts drawn from the data upon which the theory of natural selection was based.

The difference in temperaments was, moreover, no less marked than the difference between the fields of study which the two men chose. For France, the exquisite voluptuary, intellectual pessimism was the key which made accessible various delicate delights for mind and body. He could cultivate pleasure as the pagans cultivated it and he could achieve something of their lightness of heart. To de Gourmont, on the other hand (as to most nineteenth-century pessimists), loss of faith in any ultimate meaning of existence brought with it a certain depression of animal spirits and made of him a recluse. It would seem, indeed, that while the a priori skepticism of ancient times was joyous, the documented doubt of naturalism is almost inevitably dreary, and de Gourmont, for all his reiterated assertion that the sense of freedom which a profession of nihilism brings is the most precious thing which man can achieve, felt to the full this dreariness of the natural world. "I think," he said, "that we should never hesitate to bring science into literature or literature into science; the age of fine ignorance is gone." And yet the result of his determination to be rational and informed about everything was to destroy the meaning of the very conceptions in which he was most interested. Plagued by the conviction that man is, even at his best, only a rather complicated animal he could, for instance, write:

> Beauty is so certainly sexual that the only undisputed works of art are those which show the human body in its nudity. By its perseverance in remaining purely sexual, Greek sculpture placed itself for all eternity above dispute. It is beautiful because it is a beautiful human body, like that with which every man or every woman would wish to unite to perpetuate themselves according to their race.

And yet he got only a bitter satisfaction out of so absolute a statement, for naturalism, which begins by seeming only an invitation to eat, drink, and be merry, ends by depriving the guest of his appetite. Having committed himself to the exclusive cultivation of rationality, reason itself convinced him that the pleasure which it recognized as the only good was not to be had through the reason and thus he was brought face to face with a dilemma which he never solved: "Man is an animal who has the privilege of watching himself act; and the older he is in civilization, the more cultivated he is, the more delight he takes in watching himself." But "consciousness contaminates the will," and it is the will, not the consciousness, which leads one to do things worth the watching.

Probably no one touched nineteenth-century thought at more of its crucial points than de Gourmont did, and probably no one furnishes a better epitome of its tendency. The name—"dissociation"—which he gave to the object of his favorite intellectual process might, indeed, be used not inappropriately to describe the whole effect of scientific rationalism so far as general social, moral, and aesthetic ideas are concerned. He loved to cut through a whole complex of ethical conviction with a single stroke by remarking, for example, that the major part of the current conception of sexual morality was based upon a merely arbitrary association of the idea of "pleasure" with the idea of "procreation," or through a whole complex of social enthusiasms by pointing out that "political liberty" was generally celebrated by people who associated it quite unjustifiably with "individual freedom." And when he did so he was merely reducing to a formula the most characteristic process of nineteenth-century thought, since, to choose two simple illustrations, the whole task of Nietzsche was to dissociate the idea of "virtue" from the idea of "self-negation" and the whole task of Ibsen to dissociate the idea of "rectitude" from the idea of "respectability."

It is true that when he attempted to assert rather than to deny de Gourmont himself had to depend upon associations no less arbitrary than those which he attacked in others. Distrusting socialism he was capable, for example, of ridiculing a specific proposal of some radical platform of his day ("Suppression of bounties for capability") by assuming that it implied the untenable proposition "one man is as good as another," and he did not stop to consider that his argument was based upon a by no means inevitable association between the idea of "capacity or virtue" and the idea of "reward or recompense," which he accepted but which his opponents did not. To say this is, however, merely to say that no conviction is possible except upon the basis of some preliminary associations without which every fact and every idea is separate from every other and no thought concerning them possible. It was indeed toward such a completely fragmentary mental world in which no fact had any relation to any other fact and no conclusion could be drawn from any premise that de Gourmont was headed, and with him were going all those who had learned from him, from Nietzsche, or from others the technique by means of which all tablets may be broken.

Doubtless it is the very fact that de Gourmont so adequately represents the tendencies of his time which is responsible for the lack of interest in his work manifested by the present generation. To say that he was, for a brief period, regarded with a superstitious awe like that now accorded in some quarters to Paul Valéry is to suggest how unfashionable his particular kind of thought must have become, since the new watchword "synthesis" is the exact opposite of that "analysis" which de Gourmont sought everywhere to effect. His enthusiasm for doubt and freedom and his hatred of "standards" and absolutes no less than his contempt for "pure" metaphysics and his determination to reduce all aesthetics and all morality to psychological and physiological principles, stand at every point in opposition to the aims and principles of those contemporary intellectuals who are endeavoring to erect structures to replace those which he tore down. In truth one could hardly go much further in his direction. Even skepticism must be supplied with beliefs to dissolve and even the Nihilist must be supplied with affirmations to be denied. Nor is it likely that there will ever be a permanent lack of either. New faiths will be generated, new associations made, and new tablets written. The very fact that his weapons are capable of destroying at least many of them is good reason why no strenuous efforts will be made to keep those weapons from being forgotten.

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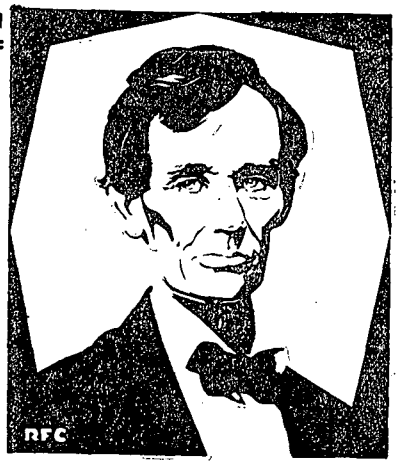

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The Future of the Movies

By ALEXANDER BAKSHY

THE movies of today are a vast industry supplying the nations of the world with a standardized, machine-made entertainment. The standards are those demanded by the world market which the industry serves. Consequently they are inevitably determined by the lowest common denominator of the movie-consuming intelligence of the moment. It is said that the American "hick" is the arbiter of taste who dictates the fashions of Hollywood, because today his appreciation of a picture spells its success or failure. The time does not seem to be far off when this proud position will be held, probably, by the humble Kaffir or Hottentot of the movie-civilized kraals of Africa, whose intellectual and moral reactions to the unhappy ending, for instance, will then be carefully studied, with the help of charts and diagrams, in the selling and producing offices of Hollywood.

On the other hand, even if the future Napoleons and Genghis-Khans of Hollywood, to spread their world dominion, do develop respect for the Hottentot ideal vamp, or perfect lover, or man-about-town, it is just as possible that their efforts will have as little influence on the production of worthwhile movies as they have today when these valiant gentlemen "realize their lifelong ambition" of putting this or that popular classic on the screen. It is one of the gratifying signs of the present situation that leadership in the art of the movies seems to be definitely passing into the hands of the smaller producers who meet with ever-growing and already ample support of cultured people all the world over, because the standards of quality, and not those demanded by the world "boobery," are the standards governing their work. In this respect it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the so-called "little-theater movement," and particularly of the home movies, both of which promise an assured outlet for the work of the independent artist. Judging by the trend of the present development it is quite likely that the future movie will be largely an entertainment at home obtainable either through a broadcasting station or, for the more discriminating, through a film library supplying films, probably printed on paper by the colotype or photogravure process, and at prices only a little higher than those at which books are sold or hired today.

More, however, than in the question from whom and how we shall be getting our movies we are interested in the mystery of the future movie itself. What is it likely to be? Will it be all talking, or all silent, or mixed? And what will be its forms, and how will it affect the theater of the live actor?

In so far as the talking picture is concerned there can be not the slightest hesitation in saying that it is bound to oust and supplant, in the field of popular entertainment, both the silent picture and the theater of living actors. The silent picture will give up its present position of dominance simply because the talking one has a more obvious and more easily workable means of carrying dramatic appeal to the audience. And the theater of live actors will have to go into retirement because the talking movies, technically developed as they are certain to become in time under the stimulus of competition in the same field of entertainment, will outdo the theater in all those effects of representation, whether naturalistic or "artistic," which stand for so much in the eyes of the average playgoer. There is no need to shed tears over the coming substitution of a machine for the live actor. The machine does not dispense with the actor, and is entirely subservient to the will of the artist. But the danger of the machine is that it is just as subservient to the will of any boob who may have enough money to buy it. And when it comes to money it is seldom the artist who has enough of it, as one observes by the condition of things in Hollywood. The danger of the talkies, therefore, is merely the danger of the Hollywood methods submerging completely even the not particularly inspired methods of Broadway.

There is one consolation left to those genuinely concerned in the future of dramatic art whether on the stage or on the screen. The industrialization of the popular forms of drama will leave the artist free to concentrate on those qualities of his medium which contribute most to the creative potency of his work. In the theater the artist will emphasize the direct contact between the actor and the audience, and the fact that the play is actually performed on the stage in front of a number of spectators who have gathered there for that special purpose. In the talking movie, in so far as the independent artist will have the opportunity of handling it, he will develop the combination of speech and picture in which the dramatic effect will depend on the unique and complementary qualities of both. And, finally, there will be the silent movie—*the* movie in the strict sense of the word—in which the artist will continue to express himself through the various forms of visual movement—forms the wealth and significance of which are still but dimly realized even by the most venturesome among the artists.

How greatly underestimated the resources of the silent movies are is revealed in the present stampede of Hollywood producers for the talking movies. Through sheer technical as well as artistic incompetence, in spite of all the big talk that comes from Hollywood, the American film producers have suffered an inglorious defeat in their effort to sustain the drawing power of the silent picture. With the growing popularity of the so-called system of "presentation," the motion-picture houses have been more and more changing into regular vaudeville theaters. The talking picture has now delivered the coup de grace, and the Hollywood silent movie can be seen taking the full count, with its seconds shouting "foul" and swaggering in the usual manner about its hidden prowess. Nobody will put any trust in the ability of Hollywood to come back, though attempts, and well intentioned ones at that, will undoubtedly be made here and there. But it is Hollywood and not the silent picture that has suffered defeat. The silent picture is perfectly able to stand up for itself, provided it is allowed to use its full force and to fight in its own way.

The metaphors of the ring are more appropriate here than may seem at first glance. The photoplay, after all, is a form of drama, and dramatic effects are essentially impacts on the emotional sensibility of the spectator, with the dramatic climax playing the part of the knock-out blow which in the popular phrase "brings the house down" (nothing less than the whole house, be it observed). The cold sweat which follows this experience must be that consummation of dramatic thrill which Aristotle calls "catharsis." All this seems pretty elementary and obvious. And yet even

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these axioms of dramatic art are persistently ignored by the producers of movie drama.

The classic example of such blindness one finds in the case of William Randolph Hearst, the gentleman who according to his recent biographer lost $7,000,000 in furthering the art of the motion picture. Of course, anybody who can lose $7,000,000 can lose $7,000,000. But for Mr. Hearst to have done so in making screen drama seems hardly believable. We know how he made his great fortune. He did so by *dramatizing* information in his newspapers. He bent his every effort on one main purpose, which was to attract the reader's attention, to strike his imagination, to rouse his emotions. He knew that the appeal had to be made to the senses, and so he applied "sensationalism" in the form of lurid stories and shrieking headlines. There may be some who still believe that information should be supplied pure, or at least with not more than 1½ per cent of intoxicating dramatic content. That is, of course, a matter of personal preference. The fact remains that as a dramatizer of news Mr. Hearst was supreme. And now observe Mr. Hearst as a producer of screen drama. According to his biographer "everything had to be *real* with Hearst. If the script called for the ladies of the ensemble to wear Irish lace, Belfast was asked to send entire bolts of its best and most costly hand-woven product. The result often was that . . . plays that should have cost two or three hundred thousand dollars actually required two or three millions."

This was the extent of Mr. Hearst's sensationalism in the movies: real Irish lace, and, one assumes, real silks and velvets and emeralds and pearls. Was this used to attract the attention of the spectator, to hit his eye, to rouse his emotions? No, it was just "art," which in Mr. Hearst's understanding obviously did not mean drama. Ah, what an irony of fate! Here was a man, perhaps one of the greatest masters of our age in the art of playing on human emotions (whether base or noble is a separate question), a man who not only knew all the old tricks of the game but who enriched them with a thousand of his own—and this man, when he came to deal with the screen drama, forgot all about his sensational stunts, his banner headlines, his four-inch type, and the innumerable other devices with which he assailed the public. Instead he spent a goodly fortune in providing real Irish lace and real this and that, as if it mattered two pins whether they were real or not.

If ever there was a case of genius misapplied and wasted, Mr. Hearst's was one. The silent motion picture, which cannot shriek and cannot bang, must learn to shriek and to bang with silent images. It must adopt Mr. Hearst's methods of sensationalism. It must learn the uses of emphatic statement, of dramatic accent—not of those produced with the help of music and sound devices, which would be like pasting miniature rattles in the places in the newspapers where bold-faced headlines should be. But to give dramatic accent by changing the form and the position of the visual image on the screen—this would be the way of sensational makeup in the newspaper, and the way of drama on the screen.

To demand this from the movie artist is to demand an emotional or dramatic progression which is represented by a combination of all the basic movements of the medium welded into a single dynamic pattern. Some of these movements have already been pretty thoroughly explored and effectively turned to dramatic uses. The principal one is that of the independently moving objects. Human beings, animals, automobiles, trains, rivers, and waves have all movements which can be manipulated and organized to fit a certain pattern. Here one finds effects of tempo and rhythm in the actual movement of objects. In "The Big Parade" and "Potemkin" we see these effects very skilfully and forcibly exploited for dramatic purposes. Contrast in the direction of moving objects is effectively brought out in the abstract picture "Ballet Mecanique," and even more so in the German film "The Symphony of Berlin," in both cases, however, without much dramatic significance.

Another important form of movement is contributed by the combined movement of the camera and the film. It may result either in merely effective camera angles, as in "The End of St. Petersburg," or in a certain fluidity of the visual world which, as in "The Last Laugh" and especially "Sunrise," renders it more malleable to dramatic effect. The so-called close-up, which is a special type of camera angle said to have been introduced by Griffith, is extensively used in Hollywood, alas, without any reference to its dynamic or dramatic significance. There is an important problem here which will be solved only when the relationship between the scale of the object, its absolute size and the size of the picture, is thoroughly studied.

But perhaps the most revolutionary change in the form of the movie will be brought about by treating the screen itself as an arena of dramatic movement. Considered at present so devoid of merit that it is usually hidden behind a curtain, the screen in the movie theatres of the future will be the most important part of the building. It will occupy the largest area architecturally possible in the theater, and it will be used for effects of movement obtained by changing the position of the picture, by changing its size, and, finally, by employing simultaneously a number of separate subjects which are organized to form a single dramatically dynamic pattern. There are already many evidences pointing in this direction. The device called magnascope, demonstrated in "Old Ironsides" and "Chang," indicates the dramatic possibilities of mere enlargement. Abel Gance in France, in his picture "Napoleon," obtains the effect of overwhelming grandeur by using a triptich screen with a simultaneous projection of three films. King Vidor in "The Crowd" puts one picture inside the other to give a realistic representation of the thoughts passing through one's head. And, finally Murnau in "Sunrise" combines a number of different sequences within a single frame in order to convey a symbol. We are thus on the threshold of a new development. It is suggested by both practical and artistic reasons. Most narrative subjects reviewed in single file, so to speak, have to be ruthlessly pruned to conform to the requirements of time. On the other hand, there are stories which cannot be properly appreciated unless they are unfolded simultaneously along their several and interweaving channels. For such material the contrapuntal or symphonic treatment seems to suggest the only effective dramatic form.

There is yet another possible development of the motion picture drama in which the screen in its bodily form is likely to play an important part. Like the theater artist of today, the movie artist is confronted with the problem of pure cinematic entertainment. So far this problem has been attacked, with considerable though incomplete success, only in the pictures of Charlie Chaplin, where it finds its partial solution in the superb and purely conventional

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acting of Chaplin himself. But Chaplin is an exception. Nor are his pictures quite consistent, since his method of frank entertainment extends only to his own acting. To be completely cinematic and at the same time theatrical, the motion picture must appear as nothing but a motion picture which is exhibited on the screen to provide a dramatic entertainment before a spectator. It will be able to do so only if it treats the screen not merely as an inert canvas but as the actual bearer, in fact, as the very locale of the dramatic development portrayed in the picture.

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Literary Bushwhackers

By CLARENCE E. CASON

I HAVE 319 books for sale. They are not much good, and I shall expect only a little money for them. They are all collections which college professors have compiled to sell to helpless members of their classes. I have paid freight on these books twice. They have occupied ninety of the 1,800 cubic feet in my study for a period of six years. Simple calculations demonstrate that the space thus occupied has cost me $144, not including the expense of dusting, which has been enormous.

The original cost of these books was practically nothing. All but seventeen of them were presented to me by hopeful authors (if one should call them authors) or by publishers desirous of adoptions within my jurisdiction. If I can get $60 for the entire outfit I shall subscribe to three magazines, buy the complete works of two legitimate authors, enjoy four trips to the theater, and dine twice at a famous restaurant I have in mind.

I have felt it incumbent upon me to compose a sort of epitaph for these literary bushwhackeries, for tomorrow the drayman comes; and I shall soon have quotations from a second-hand dealer. It is my desire to establish unity, coherence, and emphasis among my notes regarding these books. Seventeen of the freshman rhetorics are agreed that such steps should be taken. As an only token of respect to the departing members of my library, these *fundamental* principles (three of the rhetorics say *cardinal* principles, but *fundamental* wins by a majority of fourteen) shall be partially observed. Were it not that I have for several years been bothered by certain insurgent thoughts, I should not dare to write such an epitaph on a perfect afternoon of Indian summer.

During these last days it has irked me beyond relief to find by explicit calculations that college students in the last year have paid a little more than $3,000, and that professor-editors have cleared slightly over $450, on stories written by Edgar Allan Poe, stories for which Mr. Poe himself received about $97 in all.

Reference to the current *Publishers' Trade List*, and an assiduous use of pencils and paper pads, discloses the fact that there are on the market 1,453 reprints of English and American literature designed by college professors for use in their classes and those of their friends. The average length of these books is 255 pages; the average amount actually written in each book by the royalty-drawing professors is 11 pages—including introductions, prefaces, indices, explanatory notes, proofs that the book "fills a long-felt need," selling talks, and other devices supposed to make the volume singular and authentic. Average retail price is $1.90; average royalty, 15 per cent.

The contents of the books in each class—essays, stories, poems, individual authors, or what not—are as imitative as sheep. Any professor with a passable background in his field could design such a book in an afternoon, complete his selections after dinner, find copies of the material between classes the next day, assemble introductions and notes while the classes are doing written exercises, and be fresh and free for church on Sunday morning. At some convenient time later he could have a brace of young instructors read proof sheets, and so be done without a dissolving loss of time and creative energy. Say he sells 2,000 copies during the first year; with a 15 per cent royalty $570 drops from the sky. And to the mere money add the fun of having jealous colleagues forced to use the book and the exhilaration of seeing one's name stamped in gold on the back of texts being carried everywhere about the campus.

One might conclude that the process of selling the world's best literature to one's students on a 15 per cent commission might, with respect to ease of operation and unencumbered profits, be favorably compared with the sophomore's established custom of selling seats in chapel or dormitory radiators to newly arrived freshmen. Such, however, is not the case. The compilation itself is simple enough, and the matter of obtaining a publisher—after adoption—is routine. The real skill, of course, is needed in gaining adoptions for the prospective book. And the grace here demanded is no mean thing.

It has been my late pleasure to examine thirty-two collections of short stories aimed at college classes. Calculations show that they contain an average of twenty-nine stories each, that the mean length is 485 pages (of which the editor writes 31.2 pages), and that they wait upon purchasers at an average price of $1.60. These collections were used last year, circulars and personal letters inform me, in 317 colleges and a few high schools. Allowing 100 buyers for each institution, I find that the cost to students was $50,720. The editors gained approximately $7,608, or about $238 each. Four out of these twenty-one editors have written and profited from original fiction; the others find it more advantageous to be experts in the general field.

Among these 928 stories there are, if my mathematics is correct, 1,490 duplications; that is, if every book is compared with every other book, it will be found that an average of three stories are repeated in each case. Either The Fall of the House of Usher, The Mask of the Red Death, The Cask of Amontillado, or The Pit and the Pendulum is in every one of the books. The same is true of Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, The Great Stone Face, The Ambitious Guest, or Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe; and of The Necklace, The Piece of String, The Little Soldier, or Hap-

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piness. The stories of Stevenson, O. Henry, Bret Harte, Kipling, W. W. Jacobs, and Irving are repeated again and again. Reasons for these duplications are not far to seek. In

Reasons for these duplications are not far to seek. In the first place, if a fair number of favorite titles is not found in any proffered collection it would be idle to try to persuade the committee that such a book really contained short stories. In the second place, copyright laws and privileges are influential: an editor does not, under any reasonable circumstances, wish to pay anything for a story. That is why so many second-rate stories of modern authors are found in the college books.

Though undoubtedly there is a considerable amount of sport for the amiable gentlemen who gather together bits of fiction over rainy week-ends, the amount of money wasted in the present methods of this pleasant business is rather serious. If the money spent in paying printers to duplicate story after story were in some way saved, there would be enough in a few years to build several quite noteworthy college halls. But who is interested in building college halls when it is possible to have one's name in gold on the back of a handsome green book?

So long as authors' agents, writers' magazines, and romantic instructors continue to persuade large proportions of all freshman classes to be story writers, we shall be blessed with comparatively few compilers of other persons' essays. Yet let no one believe that the essay field is to be despised. As a matter of fact, most college classes read more essays than stories. Out of a book of thirty stories the class might actually read about six; but out of a book of thirty essays a class might be asked to read as many as ten or eleven.

In my pile of volumes awaiting the second-hand dealer are twenty-two collections of essays. Some are labeled "English" and some "Modern"; there seems to be a struggle between the two, as to which shall get the trade (rival sales talks flourish in the introductions). All the English essays are practically the same—*Spectator* papers, Poor Relations, Roast Pig, Sweetness and Light, Compensation (few Americans make the grade), Aes Triplex, On Going a Journey, Of Truth, Of Studies, and in the preface the gripping account of how Michel de Montaigne in 1580 retired to his cylindrical country house and wrote the first "Essais." The modern essays contain expositions chosen mainly from the current magazines (which, incidentally, pay for them), selected by professors who doubtless compensate for their indicated enthusiasm by roundly aspersing journalism in their calmer hours.

Bushwhacking is also practiced widely in the field of individual authors. Suppose one is chairman of a freshman English course—the freshman courses not only present the largest number of prospects but also are compulsory nearly always—and wishes to have the class read "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" or "Vanity Fair." The chairman obviously finds it desirable to procure a special edition, with perhaps an introduction by himself. In such cases it is often far more profitable to compose introductions than mere novels themselves. From my pile of books there peers a "David Copperfield," and from the back of it one would hardly get the impression that Dickens ever had anything to do with it. The name, however, of the illustrious professor, who seems to have spread his talent over the first twelve pages, is more prominently displayed than the title.

Both bushwhackers and publishers regard spring and fall as open seasons. During the summer many professors move away from their seats of power, and during the winter many reach the melancholy end of their indulgence. Circulars fly; committees ponderously weigh and select; and, prodded by innumerable bickerings, unabashed by wasteful and useless duplication, the game goes cheerfully on. One looks back to Tottel's "Miscellany" (1557) and to Percy's "Reliques" (1765) and must with charity allow that 250 years is too long for any practice to remain altogether respectable.

Orthodox

By ROBERT BOOKER HUNT

Some one, I know, is hurrying to my door
Whose feet are tipped with lightning, shod with wind,
Dispatched to hush my rebel tongue before
I loose ideas that beat against my mind.
I see him in blue distance hastening on,
Striking a stride that keeps apace with time.
From never he strode forth when I was born
To stop my lips and seal my urgent rhyme.

O what escape have I, who am equipped
With bone that crumbles and with flesh that rots?
What speed might this small spirit gain, though stripped
Of comforting divinities it plots?
And who shall wonder that I hold my tongue,
Confine the blasphemies I might have sung?

Books

Asquith on Himself

Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927. By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Little, Brown. 2 vols. $10.

FROM the chair of a meeting in London some six years ago, an affair at which Philip Guedalla and A. G. Gardiner were discussing biography, H. H. Asquith declared, in reply to a demand that he should record his own life, that he had no intention of writing an autobiography, adding that he left such things to other members of his family. A few years later, we are now informed, Lord Balfour expressed to Margot Asquith the opinion that her husband ought not to neglect this duty, and, the pecuniary value of autobiographies having been abundantly proved, the last of the Liberal prime ministers agreed. Asquith had already done two things in this field. He had published a brief and formal statement on the genesis of the war, and had assembled two large volumes on "Fifty Years of British Parliament." In 1926, when he set to work upon the more personal task—if "personal" is a word to use in any connection about Asquith—he was already 74. He had been defeated in his final encounter with Lloyd George; he had ceased to be titular leader of the Liberal Party; his vigor had departed, and he was looking back from an invalid's chair upon the last margin of a great epoch.

It is obvious that in such circumstances as these Asquith could not write an autobiography. No later Victorian had less of the autobiographic temperament or habit. Product of a class that carries reticence to its extreme, trained in a school that was devoted to the gentlemanly tradition, he could not talk about himself. Asquith as Prime Minister was the despair of politicians and journalists. He would not play even the most refined game of publicity.

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Nevertheless, in the end he had to give way, or at any rate he tried to. There is internal evidence in these two volumes that Asquith had not much heart in putting down his "Memories and Reflections," and the suggestion has been made by at least one well-informed reviewer that the material embodied in the later sections may not have reached publishable form at the time of the old statesman's death. The book, however, is all Asquith: there can be no mistake about that. And, while no one could call it a good book, or a record in any sense commensurate in its subject's powers, place, and name, it contains not a little interesting stuff, and, needless to say, it must take its place as a source document.

In August, 1914, Asquith occupied the crucial position of the world. He was head of the British Government at the moment when the destiny of Europe hung upon the decision that had to be made in London. The Cabinet over which he presided contained all the important Liberal statesmen of England, with the exception of James Bryce. It had been engaged for eight years in carrying through a program of social legislation which progressives in other countries looked upon as setting a new standard. Among Asquith's colleagues in the Government were a few, among whom Winston Churchill was most conspicuous, who believed in the inevitability of a European war. There were others—notably Edward Grey—who hoped war was avoidable, but knew that if it came England would be in it. Asquith agreed with Grey, though there is no evidence that he had thought much about it. When, in the moment of the supreme crisis, he wrote down what he himself would have called the main and governing issues, he was clear in mind as regards certain things, as, for instance, that the neutrality of Belgium constituted an obligation and that, as Prince Lichnowsky did his utmost to make Berlin believe, England could not afford to allow France to be reduced to the level of a second-rate or third-rate Power. But it was not until July 24, 1914, one week before the German armies began to march, that Asquith noted in his diary the signs of a European crisis; nor did he know within twenty-four hours of Grey's momentous speech whether the Cabinet would vote for war or be rent in two. Until the morning of the fateful Sunday, the day upon which Grey uttered the first definite word to France, Asquith believed that if war were actually coming the Cabinet would split.

Read these pages indeed, make your way through the first half of the second volume, and you will be astounded at the Prime Minister's coolness, his complete detachment, his apparent insensitiveness. To Asquith, it would seem, all events and all public men were of about the same interest. If anything stirred him, it was at any rate impossible for him to show it in the written word.

Of course there is a certain greatness in this and beyond all question something that was of inestimable value for England in 1914-1916. The English mind is appalled when confronted with the thought that a Churchill or a Birkenhead might conceivably have been Prime Minister in 1914. (Needless to inject that he could not: the Providence that has watched over England and the United States would not have permitted it!) Nor did Asquith make any difference as the war went on. His enemies had resolved to remove him in May, 1915; he defeated them by inviting them into the Government. It took them another eighteen months to get him out. There is remarkably little here upon the policies of the war and the purposes of the Allies. But there is at least one new document of the deepest interest—a careful memorandum laid before the Cabinet by Lord Lansdowne just before Asquith's fall. It was written ten months earlier than his celebrated letter to the press, and contained the facts that seemed to portend a peace without victory, two months before Woodrow Wilson made use of the phrase. There is, however, one admirable revelation of Asquith's clearness of sight. In 1915 he observed that Winston Churchill was anxious for British annexations. "I believe," wrote Asquith, "that Grey and I are the only men who doubt and distrust any such settlement. We both think that in the real interests of our own future the best thing would be if, at the end of the war, we could say that we had taken and gained nothing, and *that not merely from a moral and sentimental point of view.*" The words I have italicized have led some readers of "Memories and Reflections" to utter severe or contemptuous words about the statesman who wrote them. Why in the world? Asquith was convinced that for England to take or to gain anything out of the war would be mean, unworthy, un-English, as well as unwise. That, I suggest, should please us all.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Beveridge's Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858. By Albert J. Beveridge. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.50.

WHAT the late Senator Beveridge's final estimate of Lincoln might have been must remain, unfortunately, only a conjecture. The two volumes of biography that have now been published are only the first half of the four that he planned, and they bring the narrative down only to the close of the great debate with Douglas in the Illinois senatorial contest of 1858. Even the last chapter of the second volume was left without final revision, and a continuation of the story to the election of 1860, added to give the work an impression of completeness by leaving the narrative where Beveridge intended to leave it, is by an unnamed hand. One gathers, however, that if Beveridge had lived to finish the great task which he undertook, that, namely, of giving an "institutional interpretation of America" such as he began in his life of John Marshall, he would have succeeded in accomplishing at least two things. He would have sifted to the last straw the facts of Lincoln's life, and he would have shattered the Lincoln myth. That either of these things should need to be done more than sixty years after Lincoln's death is an illustration of the large fields that American historical scholarship has still to conquer, and a striking commentary upon the beclouding haze with which a sentimental people have been content to surround their national heroes.

From the standpoint of facts, these volumes are a monument of zeal and thoroughness. With a painstaking industry which seems never to have flagged, Beveridge has traced to its lair every name, date, incident, tradition, or assertion having anything whatever to do with Lincoln's early years, verifying, comparing, correcting, refuting, and reconstructing, massing the evidence in footnotes and setting out the results in the text, until one feels that here, at last, is the veritable truth of the matter. When, on the other hand, in the second volume, the period of the predominance of the slavery issue is reached, biography expands and becomes history, with Lincoln as only one of the figures. Fully a third of this second volume is taken up with a description of slavery as an institution and extended accounts of the compromise measures of 1850, the Dred Scott case, the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and the Kansas struggle—all, of course, true historical "background," but on a scale uniquely large.

And what of Lincoln, the Lincoln of tradition, after the work of research has been completed and the historical setting duly displayed? The story will not be altogether pleasant reading to those who have been accustomed to seat Lincoln from his youth among the gods. The myths are scattered right and left as Beveridge sweeps the field. There was no midnight reading as a boy by the fireside, and no thorough reading of anything later, notwithstanding that reading was long the great preoccupation. Lincoln showed no early interest in slavery, spoke against both slavery and abolition in the Illinois legislature in 1837, denounced mob violence at the time of the Lovejoy murder without mentioning Lovejoy, and supported the Mexican War without discussing its bearing upon slavery. He began his political life as a Jackson Democrat, became a Whig in 1830 largely, it would seem, because of his liking for Clay

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and his interest in internal improvements and banks, made but little impression, and that unfavorable, during a term in Congress in which his associates were mainly Southern Whigs, delivered an anti-Administration speech which was bitterly assailed in Illinois but ignored at Washington, was not called for as a speaker in the 1848 campaign, and went to New England, where he made political speeches, on his own account and not by invitation.

Meantime, while unmistakably advancing as a politician in his State, his mind had become affected. The exciting cause, as Beveridge expounds it, was apparently the tangled love affairs which eventually ended in his marriage to Mary Todd, a silly virago whose outrageous conduct he was to repay with touching patience and devotion; but his nature was melancholy and secretive, and his flood of stories and enlivening talk rolled along against a background of mental gloom. Somewhere, somehow, there emerged out of an unfavoring past certain instincts of a gentleman, but he remained throughout incredibly careless of his personal appearance, lazy and unmethodical in his temper and habits, and a dispenser of stories too vulgar, often, for the printed page. Politically, Beveridge places the turning-point at October, 1854, when Lincoln, in his Peoria speech in reply to Douglas, for the first time publicly denounced slavery. Three years before he had been opposed to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave act, and in 1853, in replying to Douglas's Richmond speech supporting Pierce, had made at his own request a speech in which he discussed "none of the real and very grave questions of the day," and which Beveridge pronounces "the strangest written and published utterance of his life." Not until the senatorial campaign against Douglas was under way did Lincoln, apparently, begin to find himself intellectually. When, at the Republican national convention of 1856, he received more than a hundred votes for President, the possibility of attaining the office dawned upon him, and what he said and did thereafter is to be considered with that ambition in mind.

This was the Lincoln whom the Republicans were shortly to make their leader, and who, after his death, was to be ranked by public opinion as one of the greatest Americans. Here, however, one must stop. What Lincoln became after 1860 will always overshadow what he was before, but no man, even in the greatest crisis, can ever break wholly with his past. It will be matter of profound regret that a book so learned, so masterly, so mercilessly dispassionate, and so well written must remain only an imposing fragment. The best that could be hoped for is that some later historian, with the ground of Lincoln's earlier career prepared as Beveridge prepared it, may with equal ability and masterfulness carry on the story to its end.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Cable and Fine Wire

Strange Fugitive. By Morley Callaghan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The Children. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

NEITHER of these books, taken individually, remains very long with the reader, and both, it is perhaps safe to state, represent minor efforts on the part of their authors; but read in conjunction with each other they furnish a double springboard from which to launch some interesting comparisons.

Mr. Callaghan is a pat example of a good, hard-boiled writer. He is typical of a rapidly growing school. One can trace quite clearly in his work the things the school has rejected: variability or beauty of style, complication of character, neatness of construction, the exposition of a thesis or problem, the intrusion of the author's point of view, and—most important of all—the division of his personages into sympathetic and unsympathetic characters. In "Strange Fugitive" the world is the world of the tabloids, divested of romance. Jerry Trotter, the protagonist, is a primitive being with sufficient power of reflection to be uncertain about his desires, which are mainly reducible to money, power, and women. By a series of steps, too rapid and schematic to be quite real, he rises from the position of unsuccessful foreman in a lumber yard to the estate of bootlegger king. The extension of his blind will-power to power is accomplished, as is usual in such cases, by a diffusion of his sex awareness. He leaves his wife but is sufficiently uneasy in his mind to be unhappy away from her. The denouement of the story is straight cinema: sawed-off shotguns, racketeers' battles, and the brutal abrupt murder of Jerry. The entire story is conceived in terms of incident and told in a cold, vernacular prose. As has probably been remarked before, it is Hemingway carried to the point of absurdity. The style is so expressionless that it is insufficient even to project the simple figures of Jerry and his wife and their universe of bootleggers, prostitutes, and gunmen. The characters are conceived as primitive and animal: but by a curious irony they turn out to be artificial, almost dreamlike. We cannot believe in them, even as we cannot believe in the murderers and gunmen served up to us in the tabloids.

Turn to Mrs. Wharton's latest novel and you seem to step into another world. A minute ago there was nothing but blind pigs, onion sandwiches, smuggled whiskey, assault, brutality, murder, bestial lust. All this—signifying naught. Vicious energy in action, from which nothing is to be learned, no morals are to be drawn. Then, in a moment we are whisked into the Riviera with its cocktails, American millionaires, decadent heiresses, a deracinated and tired cosmopolitan society, chattering, twittering—and divorcing. Plenty of problems here: the problem of the children of divorce, the problem of the ageing woman, the problem of a rootless transplanted American society. These are not people merely coolly noted by a reportorial mind, as in "Strange Fugitive," but a group carefully selected and elaborately maneuvred so as to bring into sharp focus a set of ultra-civilized social dilemmas.

There is a corresponding difference in style. Mrs. Wharton, ever mindful of the Master, still glitters, winds, and surprises. Her paragraphs are all shows of subtlety, whereas Mr. Callaghan works equally hard to show us he has nothing up his sleeve, that he has whittled his prose down to the bone. In both cases the effect is unsatisfactory. There is a point at which directness transforms itself into banality and a point at which refinement becomes mere meticulousness.

Similarly with the question of the point of view. Mr. Callaghan, the fashion-plate hard-boiled novelist of 1928, has none at all. His characters undergo no interpretation, no criticism. The corollary is that his characters are neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic. You neither like nor dislike Jerry. Indeed, this particular result of the objective method is in modern fiction becoming so significant a factor that an entirely new attitude toward novels is becoming established. The query, Did you like the book? no longer has any meaning in terms of our identification with any of the characters. This sweeping change becomes clearer still when reference is made to Mrs. Wharton's book, which, true again to the Henry James formula, is careful to build up a character (intelligent, sympathetic, and essentially colorless—the regulation Henry James hero) through whose eyes the story, or rather the problem, is seen and who is obviously at times the mouthpiece of the author. The function of such a character is to provide for the reader a resting-place for his sympathies, to make the reader feel at home and comfortable and certain that he understands completely and judges sympathetically all that is going on (although, of course, it is the hero who is really doing this for him).

Curiously enough, however, the two books, apparently so dissimilar, are alike in their final emotional impact. Mr. Callaghan's world is so simplified and stripped that it becomes an abstraction and we believe in it no more than we believe in the crude truths which daily journalism offers us. On the other hand, the complexities of Mrs. Wharton's universe, which is a

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universe of enormous wealth and enormous decadence, are so foreign to most of us that they become merely farcical. (Parenthetically it may be remarked that the farcical possibilities implicit in the novel are not developed as fully as they could be: healthy absurdity is sacrificed to "thoughtfulness" and "the problem"). It is as impossible to believe in Mrs. Wharton's divorcées and precocious hotel children and ex-movie-star marchionesses as it is to believe in Mr. Callaghan's steely-eyed gunman, lush-limbed kept women, and steak-eating truck-drivers.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Marlowe Mysterious

The Assassination of Christopher Marlowe. By Samuel A. Tannenbaum. Privately Printed. New York: The Tenny Press.

THEY keep on killing Marlowe in new ways. The Puritans of his own days had it that he was killed by their private island God for loose living and looser thinking. The romantic dramatists and story-tellers of the past century delicately embroidered his tragedy with chivalrous motives and with Stevensonian—not to say Cabellian—gestures. J. L. Hotson seemed, two or three years ago, to have discredited both these methods of romance by producing the report of the coroner who sat upon the case, with some associated documents, and showing that Marlowe died at the end of a drinking-bout, at the hands of a man who was defending himself against the poet's own dagger. But now comes Samuel A. Tannenbaum with an argument to the effect that Marlowe was, after all, the victim of a plot—only, of a plot so large and dim as to have been hitherto overlooked by all the investigators.

Briefly, Mr. Tannenbaum holds that the plot goes back to Sir Walter Raleigh. Thomas Kyd, arrested on charges of atheism (with other charges), believed that Marlowe had informed against him to the Privy Council. Kyd had therefore accused Marlowe of being himself atheistical and of being the companion of certain men of quality who shared his theological opinions, and moreover were in secret communication with King James of Scotland. Marlowe was under arrest, but had not been confined to prison, presumably because the Council knew that he was an agent of the Queen and of Sir Francis Walsingham. The men of quality had less to fear from Kyd, who was not a member of their circle, than from Marlowe, who was. They therefore took the shortest way with the difficulty, had Marlowe murdered by three rogues, and saw to it that the coroner found out only what he was told. Raleigh, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Northumberland, and Sir George Carey may have been, indeed, pained by the sacrifice of a man whom they had taste enough to consider a fine poet; but they were realists, and it is unlikely that they ever claimed that the murder hurt them more than it hurt Marlowe.

Mr. Tannenbaum's argument is necessarily intricate and hypothetical. It really depends, however, upon one point: the contention that the coroner's report was falsely rendered. The wounds described, various medical authorities have assured Mr. Tannenbaum, would hardly have been fatal. But may not the coroner have been merely unscientific? The evidence taken, Mr. Tannenbaum points out, was not taken very exactingly. But may not the coroner have been negligent? Was not Marlowe, a tavern-haunter, as likely to have gone to Deptford Strand solely to drink with the three rascals as to have been lured there to be murdered? Is it easier to find a finished plot in the whole affair than to view it as a chapter of ironical accidents? Different natures will no doubt judge differently, and there can be no final judgment without further and better information. Nevertheless, it is possible for one who naturally suspects accident more often than he smells tragedy to conclude that Mr. Tannenbaum has made a very good case.

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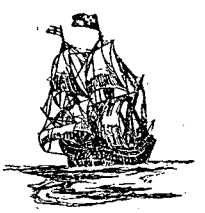

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The German Outlook

Politische Prognose für Deutschland. Von Willy Hellpach. Berlin: S. Fischer.
Deutschland, das Herz Europas. Von Ernst Jäckh. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.
The Effect of the World War on European Education. By Fritz Kellermann. Harvard University Press.

MARKEDLY dissimilar as are these three books in weight and volume, and widely divergent as is their scope, they are all three symptomatic of the wave of sanguine and daring idealism which, as a reaction from military defeat, has swept with constantly increasing force through German thought ever since the breakdown of the old order.

By far the most ambitious and comprehensive performance of the three is Professor Hellpach's attempt at a prognosis of German political life of the future. In large-mindedness and versatility there is something of a Keyserling in Hellpach. A pupil of Wundt's, a doctor both of medicine and philosophy, he devoted the decade before the war to research in anthropology, sociology, neurology, psychiatry, served during the war in military hospitals both at the front and at home, after the war took charge of the Institute for Social Psychology at the Karlsruhe Polytechnic, entered politics as a member of the Democratic Party, became Prime Minister of Baden, won the nomination of his party as Presidential candidate at the primaries of 1926, but retired after the election of Hindenburg to the comparative quiet of a Heidelberg professorship. That a book by such a man upon the great public questions confronting the Germany of today should be crowded with striking ideas and original views is not surprising. Perhaps one might say it is overcrowded with them. There is something bewildering in the flood of affirmations, informations, suggestions, negations that burst upon us throughout the book, from a sharp refutation of the racial unity of the German people to a brilliant characterization of the mental traits of all its different tribes, or from a doctrinaire condemnation of voting by party ticket as undemocratic and demoralizing to the serious proposal that Frankfurt should be paired with Berlin as twin capital of the empire. With all its theoretical vagaries, however, the book is held together by one central idea and one supreme practical aim: the proof of the necessity and the possibility of making the German democratic experiment a complete and lasting success.

Is it true, as has often been affirmed, that the Germans are by nature an essentially unpolitical people? For an answer to this question Hellpach points to the last ten years. Here was a people threatened by its victors with national extinction, suffering from hunger and cold, impoverished and disarmed, torn by dissensions, without any leaders of unquestioned greatness, without any universally recognized governmental authority, facing disintegration into a multitude of political fragments. What were the forces which led from this anarchical state of 1918 to the Weimar Constitution, the withdrawal of the Ruhr invasion, the stabilization of the currency, and finally to Geneva and Locarno? Hellpach enumerates four as the principal forces.

First, the bureaucracy of the old regime. Had the old monarchical bureaucracy refused to function under the revolutionary masters of the day, complete disorganization of the empire and the states would have followed inevitably. Political instinct induced the bureaucracy to remain at their posts, even though this entailed a sacrifice of their own monarchical preferences. Second, the socialist trade unions. Had they given in to the demands of the extreme left, toward which their sympathies naturally inclined them, a bolshevist reign of terror would have been the inevitable consequence. Political instinct taught the unions to resist and to suppress every communist uprising, thereby rescuing Germany from the clutches of civil war. Third, the Catholic parliamentary leaders. Had the German Catholic Party given support to the separatist movements in Bavaria and the Rhineland—movements toward which com-

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mon ecclesiastical traditions seemed to dispose it favorably—the end of the German empire would have come. Political instinct impelled the Catholic Party to discountenance all such separatist movements, and thereby made it one of the chief strongholds of German unity. Fourth, the liberal party groups. If they, having for the most part been beaten at the polls, and therefore been reduced to a small minority in the Reichstag, had pursued a policy of sulking opposition, they would have seriously retarded the process of national reconstruction. Political instinct made them a most influential factor in furthering this process. For the most outstanding members of the various coalition ministries, and in fact the intellectual leaders of a new forward-looking German policy, have been liberals of the type of Rathenau and Stresemann.

A people—this is Hellpach's conclusion—which in time of direst need has shown such instinctive cohesiveness, such unerring sense for political necessity, such intuitive determination to make individual sacrifices and party compromises for the common good, has thereby proved its capacity for true democracy. The call of the future is to continue upon the lines so clearly and successfully marked out in these ten momentous years.

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settled down for an hour or so, we discovered that Mr. Bromfield had resorted to a rather youthful theatricalism to give his characters significance, if we realized that the smoothly flowing competent sentences, which sounded rather like reminiscent music, lacked more than a little of Trollope's wit and Jane Austen's pungency, we were still grateful to him for writing so much better and understanding so much more than most young novelists. We even went on reading him when the second and the third and the fourth novels proved to be no better, and only a little worse, than the first. But "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" is something new—or almost new.

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love denied, if one encounters an amazing number of interesting people whose lives are closely affected by the strange case, all this is so much velvet which does not for a moment detract from the interest of the story, but which instead enhances the story.

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The Collected Works of W. H. Hudson. E. P. Dutton and Company. Twenty-four volumes. $192.

I HAD done my reading of Hudson in volumes of all shapes and sizes, and of all ages from 1885 to 1923, which last was the year when the posthumous work "A Hind in Richmond Park" appeared in America. And I had so associated the qualities of certain books with their bindings that when I saw their titles standing in the stately green row of this final edition I was both delighted and uncomfortable. Perhaps the old quality had gone with the old binding. But I had only to open, for instance, "Idle Days in Patagonia" to realize how well Hudson had stood the test of elaborate and beautiful publication. On the sixth and seventh pages I read this in the clear, spacious type he so perfectly deserves:

> From the summit of the sandy ridge we saw before us an undulating plain, bounded only by the horizon, carpeted with short grass, seared by the summer sun, and sparsely dotted over with a few sombre-leafed bushes. It was a desert that had been a desert always, and for that very reason sweet beyond all scenes to look upon. . . . To my mind there is nothing in life so delightful as that feeling of relief, of escape, and absolute freedom which one experiences in a vast solitude, where man has perhaps never been, and has, at any rate, left no trace of his existence.

In that passage all of Hudson came back. It is, I think, the essential man speaking—the man who through twenty-four varied volumes and through a long series of friendships with some of the most interesting people in England remained gauntly alone, remained fiercely content with the world he had made for himself out of sand and tree and bird; out of almost everything, indeed, except man. The greatest literary naturalists—for another example take Thoreau—have loved solitude in some such way as Hudson did, and possibly for some such reason; solitude is the scene in which they come to life, the medium out of which they seem to walk and into which they would like to return. At any rate it is in those terms that I see Hudson. If it is not a whole view of this man who possessed so many parts, it is at least a clear view of him.

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He wrote seven volumes of fiction, among which are "The Purple Land" and "Green Mansions." But it is not important fiction because it is the work of a man who was not really interested in men. Such of it as runs into autobiography is good, as all Hudson's autobiography is good. For mostly he treated himself, whether exxplicitly as in his masterpiece, "Far Away and Long Ago," or implicitly as in the fifteen volumes of essays which he devoted to animals, landscapes, birds, and only incidentally men. The sixteen volumes together compose as impressive a record as I know of one man's walk across the earth. Hudson, first in South America and then in England, walked an earth whose desolation for him was redeemed as much as might be by the beautiful strange cries of birds—everywhere these are sounding through his books, everywhere he is stopping to hear them and to make one more effort to do them justice in the words he worked so scrupulously to employ. Other things are there—a shepherd and his dogs, a hind in the city, a puma in La Plata, a yew tree in Hampshire with the graves of a whole village beneath it, a vole that runs across the road, an adder on a warm stone, a farmer's wife who smiles and gives him tea—but when these things have had their say there remains the man who walked doggedly on with some secret in his soul and who endured the earth best when across the waste of a favorite marsh there floated the voice of a hidden, awaited bird. Hudson was a wise man who had read many books and whose own books are rich in the human way. His ultimate commentary upon humankind, however, is the value he set upon a pair of wings in a lonely sky.

MARK VAN DOREN

Fiction Shorts

Day's End. By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. $2.

Twenty-five short tales by the author of "The Two Sisters," one of the most interesting of last year's first novels. These stories are frankly conceived in the tradition made famous by Katherine Mansfield. They are all short, poignant studies of little, frustrated lives, done with gravity and honesty. They fail to achieve real distinction largely because, while Mr. Bates's situations are invariably tragic, his people are not. They are too simply conceived and too briefly rendered. Mr. Bates's lean narratives remind one frequently of a dictum that seems obvious enough to be true: the trouble with short stories is that they are too short.

Vasco. By Marc Chadourne. Translated by Eric Sutton. Preface by Ford Madox Ford. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

An extremely interesting novel which is unfortunately spoiled by a misty-mystic conclusion. Here is perhaps the clearest presentation in modern fiction of the deracinated post-war young Frenchman. Vasco's restlessness, his escape-longings, his desire to absorb elemental quietness in far-off Tahiti, and his recurrent disillusion are all characteristic of France's lost generation. It is the powerful handling of this central theme rather than the accidental de-romanticizing of the South Sea myth which gives the book its arresting quality.

King Akhnaton. A Chronicle of Ancient Egypt. By Simeon Strunsky. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

Superficially this is a carefully documented historical novel dealing with the attempted political and social reforms of the "heretic king" Akhnaton and their tentatively tragic end. Actually it is a subtle *roman à clef* in which a parallel is drawn between the ideals of Akhnaton and those of Woodrow Wilson. We have learned to expect from Mr. Strunsky witty and incisive political analysis. We are not disappointed. As a novel, however, the book is not at all points satisfactory, suffering as it does from the great weakness of all *romans à clef:* our atten-

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tion is bifurcated—we are torn between our desire to follow the story and our eagerness to make the series of modern identifications which the author constantly suggests.

Extraordinary Women. By Compton Mackenzie. Macy-Masius. $2.50.

Farcical variations on the theme of Lesbianism. Mr. Mackenzie's single-track ladies cavorting on their Norman Douglas island are seen by a humorous and civilized eye. This seems to be the one right method for treating fictionally what are called perversions. Perhaps eventually some of our over-serious young Americans, taking courage from Mr. Mackenzie, will see fit to handle normal love-making with the same entrancing absurdity. The world do move.

C. P. F.

Books in Brief

The Natural History of Revolution. By Lyford P. Edwards. The University of Chicago Press. $1.75.

Professor Edwards has written an extremely suggestive book. In opposition to those who regard revolutions as more or less isolated phenomena chiefly distinguished by violence and social disruption, he undertakes to show, primarily from a study of the Puritan Revolution in England and the later revolutions in America, France, and Russia, that a revolution has its place in the evolutionary course of things, that its origin, rise, decline, and end present features which admit of generalization, and that much of the popular conception of what a revolution is like is untrue. Every great revolution develops slowly, and reaches an advanced stage only when, among other things, the allegiance of the intellectuals has been won and those who still hold power resort to oppression. Misery and oppression, however, he insists, have been greatly overstressed, as have the violence and bloodshed commonly pointed to as a characteristic of revolutionary mobs. The aim of revolution is always peace, not continued disorder, and as soon as the resistance of what remains of the old order has been broken, the work of reconstruction begins. The latter end of a revolution, on the other hand, is undramatic; it "dies out in a curiously insignificant and almost inconsequential way," leaving as a part of its legacy a period of economic chaos with which the new revolutionized order must deal. Professor Edwards admits that his study is incomplete, and that the history of minor revolutions probably has a good deal of light to throw upon the general subject. As far as he has gone, however, he has made a historical and sociological contribution of sterling quality.

The History of Hitchin. By Reginald L. Hine. Volume I. London: George Allen and Unwin. Sixteen shillings.

This is a history of England seen through a microscope focussed upon the village of Hitchin—a rich work of creative research.

Quantitative Methods in Politics. By Stuart A. Rice. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

This book expresses the present-day tendency to study social phenomena in a realistic manner. This method can be traced as far back as Aristotle, and in our own generation has been long advocated by the Webbs, Graham Wallas, and Walter Lippmann, to mention only major prophets. In the first part of the book Professor Rice discusses the problem of methodology in the social sciences. It is rather doubtful whether the author is here fully confident of himself. His analysis perhaps does not attain the solidity of that of Professor Catlin. The bulk of the book, moreover, is devoted to a statistical survey of certain subjects of political import. These studies are interesting and ingenious, and will most likely be followed up by more elaborate and ambitious efforts by other investigators. Yet it is reasonably arguable that if the present

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studies are typical, then the scope of the statistical method in politics is not extensive. Unlike some of his too sanguine co-workers, Professor Rice states his conclusions with admirable reserve and moderation.

Adventures of an African Slaver: Being a True Account of the Life of Captain Theodore Canot, Trader in Gold, Ivory and Slaves on the Coast of Guinea: His Own Story as Told in the Year 1854 to Brantz Mayer. Now Edited with an Introduction by Malcolm Cowley. Illustrated by Covarrubias. Albert and Charles Boni. $4.

This is an intermittently interesting account of the new contraband slave trade which developed after the Napoleonic wars, a trade which, as Mr. Cowley points out in his excellent introduction, closely resembled our own bootlegging industry (or *Stiefelkunst*, as Mr. Mencken's latest contribution would have it) not only in its romantic glamor, its violence and pitilessness and its tendency to develop a highly piratical type of freebooter, but in the actual technique of its illegal operations. Captain Canot's life seems to have been one colorful round of murders, mutinies, massacres, and mulatto mistresses. Despite all the Trader Hornish exaggeration of some of the episodes, the Captain's brutal casualness enables us to feel clearly that remarkable psychology which the highly moral Victorian age developed, a psychology that enabled them to think of black human beings purely in terms of merchandise and bills of exchange, as so much perambulating coinage. The illustrations by Covarrubias, done too obviously from photographs or sketches and executed with too single an eye to melodramatic effect, are hardly representative of his most genuine talents.

The Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems. By Isidor Schneider. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Mr. Schneider is best known as a poet for his long title-piece, a "novel in verse" which first appeared in "The American Caravan" and is here reprinted. Like the shorter poems in the volume, it is rich with energy and suggestion, though so heavily packed that it makes difficult going for the reader. The whole book, however, is the work of a deeply and strangely gifted mind; the thinness of contemporary verse will be immediately forgotten by anyone who opens it and reads it with the attention it demands.

Bambi. A Life in the Woods. By Felix Salten. Translated by Whittaker Chambers. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

In the admirable prose of Whittaker Chambers this Viennese idyl of the woods—or so it has been called—comes as a very fresh gift from Europe to the United States. It is hardly a cheerful book, since its burden is the brutality of man, the animal with the acrid smell, toward other animals—in this case the deer. Bambi, a young deer, grows up in the book and learns wisdom chiefly from a remarkable old stag whom he meets from time to time in the forest. Their conversations, like the other conversations which Bambi has with the male and the female of his kind, are perhaps as good as such things can be, and the whole work is certainly good. But we should like to see the thing done once without conversation. It would be both more moving and more convincing.

The Tower. By W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.
Sophocles' King Oedipus. A Version for the Modern Stage. By William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Yeats's latest collection of poems, "The Tower," shows him old and tired, though still a poet with whom very few of his contemporaries deserve to be compared. Sailing to Byzantium, the first and best piece in the collection, is a declaration for the deathless and the abstract—an appropriate gesture for a poet with Mr. Yeats's past to make. And it is one the success of which should be recorded; though it should be said that anyone seeking for the first time an acquaintance with Mr. Yeats's poetry should begin farther back than this and grow old with

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him. The version of "Oedipus Rex" is in plain prose for twentieth-century audiences.

The Noble Savage. A Study in Romantic Naturalism. By Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Columbia University Press. $5.

A full and highly intelligent study of an idea which ran through English literature—and of course through European literature—in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and which still, according to Wyndham Lewis, ferments in the contemporary mind, where it takes the form of an inferiority complex felt by the white man of the Western world in the face of his black and red brothers. Mr. Fairchild traces the idea of the noble, innocent, pure, and uncontaminated savage through a great deal more literature than any public will ever want to revive, yet emerges with conclusions—not only about the creature of his research but about romanticism in general—which are of genuine interest.

A Leaf of Grass from Shady Hill. With a Review of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Written by Charles Eliot Norton in 1855. With an explanatory preface by Kenneth Ballard Murdock. Printed for the John Barnard Associates by the Harvard University Press.

Mr. Murdock seems to establish that the poem and the review here given, the one for the first time and the other in a reprint from *Putnam's Monthly* for September, 1855, are by Charles Eliot Norton; but there is not much to say beyond that. The poem, A Leaf of Grass, is evidently the work of one just come under the influence of the newly published first edition of "Leaves of Grass," but it is a very feeble performance in itself; and the review of Whitman, while it is, of course, interesting as proving Norton's concern with the subject, betrays none of the enthusiasm which Mr. Murdock attributes to it. The whole story, however, has its importance, and Mr. Murdock's best labor has been done in writing the history in a preface of Norton's attitude toward the bard of Manahatta.

Carlyle, His Rise and Fall. By Norwood Young. William C. Morrow and Company. $3.50.

Like Nietzsche and other dealers in paradox, Carlyle may be represented as the purveyor of much silly and dangerous doctrine by anyone who will wrench sayings out of their historical context or quote a vigorously stated half-truth while suppressing the equally vigorous statement of the qualifying half-truth. Mr. Young has used these methods without the charm of style and sparkle of malice which we have come to expect in the present tradition of iconoclastic biographies. His compilation of Carlyle's historical errors, not exceptional in the treatment of his subjects at his time, may give a salutary shock to hero-worshipers. But even the unsophisticated will hardly credit his revamping of the charge that Carlyle's German sympathies were a cause of the World War.

The Interpreter Geddes: The Man and His Gospel. By Amelia Defries. Horace Liveright. $3.

John A. Hobson has said that "among the great thinkers and workers of our age, Patrick Geddes is perhaps the least widely recognized." This skilful portrait of the man by his student-friend, Miss Defries, renders the great service of making more clearly known his thought and achievement. Myriad-sided though his activity has been, he has expressed himself consistently as a biologist through teaching; but he has taught mainly by planting gardens and planning cities. The poet is in his blood and takes honors in his philosophy, yet his creations have been not castles in Spain but solid habitations—Outlook Tower, Edinburgh; St. Andrews University, Dundee; the Encyclopaedia Britannica; the Ghent International Exhibition; the Civic Pageant at Indore; the University of Bombay; a life of Sir J. C. Bose; the University of Jerusalem; the Collège des Ecossais, Montpellier. All this in very deeds, while specialists in varying fields, ranking Patrick Geddes, use the

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names of Leibnitz, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Bacon, Kant, and Darwin.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. With fourteen illustrations after William Strang. The Bunyan Anniversary Society: G. A. Baker and Company, New York, agents. $5.

Bound in an excellent blue buckram, this volume does very well as a memorial to Bunyan in the three hundredth year after his birth. It is handsomely printed in Holland, and the etchings by William Strang are admirably reproduced. These in themselves are works of the most subtle and appealing sort, though it may be questioned whether in their soft simplicity they render the frosty peasant light of Bunyan's genius as it should be rendered. They are both more realistic and more refined than he probably would have liked.

Doctor Arnold of Rugby. By Arnold Whitridge. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

In this scholarly volume Dr. Arnold's educational theories are carefully examined by his great-grandson. Briefly, Dr. Whitridge's thesis is that, instead of being in the rear of Victorian experiments in education, politics, and religion, Dr. Arnold was actually in the vanguard. Dr. Whitridge substantiates his arguments by presenting an imposing array of textual citations and footnotes.

A Dog-Puncher on the Yukon. By Arthur T. Walden. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

A middle-aged survivor of the Klondike madness of '98 has been persuaded to recount his hoary reminiscences, and the result is a volume that is not unworthy to be placed by Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." The astounding knowledge of the minutiae of their trade that Mississippi pilots had at their fingers' ends is almost rivaled by the information that Mr. Walden picked up as a dogsled runner in the great Alaskan Gold Rush. Furthermore, he has Mark Twain's love of breaking a narrative at any point to relate a salty adventure, his eye for the grossly picturesque, his sentimentality about mountains, his everlastingly conversational tone, and not a little of his Brobdignagian robustness.

Bryan the Great Commoner. By J. C. Long. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

Though never profound, this book is frequently penetrating and always readable. Mr. Long is perhaps too fair-minded to be a great biographer, but he is a thoroughly competent one.

All Kneeling. By Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Chosen by the Booksellers Association as their first book of the month, this novel is a clever demolition of a stupid, vain, selfish, posturing woman who succeeded, so the author alleges, in keeping her world at her feet. Selfish, vain posturing women sometimes do. But it is a bit difficult to conceive the type of youth who would have been moved to admiration rather than amusement by Christobel's preposterous literary speeches. The book would have been cleverer if its arch fiend had possessed some of those redeeming qualities that are to be found in good and bad alike, in Mephistopheles and Aimee Semple McPherson, in Beatrice D'Este and Louis XI. It is a caricature rather than a portrait, and a full-length novel seems too liberal a canvas for its meager lines.

Rising Wind. By Virginia Moore. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

This is a historical romance of the time of the Civil War with passages of real feeling embedded in a sentimental, unreal, and unconvincing tale which, for this reviewer at least, completely lacks that ability to transport the reader into another world which is the first essential for the writer of romances, good or bad.

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The Central Americans. By Arthur Ruhl. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

The book is subtitled "Adventures and Impressions Between Mexico and Panama," and is the running account of a journey northward through the Central-American republics—a second visit after an interval of fifteen years. The "adventures" consist of the commonplace mishaps to any voyager in tropical countries unprepared for the tourist. The "impressions" are conventional description, an occasional anecdote, a smatter of recent history, a few data concerning commerce, agriculture, and population, the author's views on the benevolence of United States aims in the Caribbean—the whole generously seasoned with foreign words and phrases—some incorrectly rendered. In the absence of Baedekers for the tropics such a collation may be useful to mid-winter, thirty-day Caribbean cruisers who want to retain the names of the countries visited, their capitals, and whether the chief product is bananas or coffee. Those who seek new or vital information about glamorous regions still largely unrevealed, or savor akin to that of the better South Sea literature, will find neither. Mr. Ruhl obviously had the correct letters of introduction, met and was entertained by the right people, has a kind word for everybody, and has brought forth another travel stereotype for a region which could yield the equivalent of a "Bible in Spain," an "Arabia Deserta," or a "Viva Mexico!"

Music

The Orchestra Merger

THE months that have passed since the announcement have not revealed to me any of the blessings that should result from abolishing the New York Symphony Orchestra and its concerts, and combining its subscription list and board of directors with those of the Philharmonic. The official announcement offered me only nonsense, which editorial comment has gravely accepted as its initial assumptions. For example, the notion that the Philharmonic's concerts would gain artistically from the increased financial backing; when it was clear that no matter how many more millionaires paid its deficit, the orchestra would play under Mengelberg or Toscanini in the future as it had played in the past. There were decided gains from the merger, but they were all economic and accrued almost entirely to Mr. Flagler; while it is easily shown that the no less decided losses accrued solely to art.

It is a loss, for one thing, to disband an orchestra of the quality of the New York Symphony, which needed only a first-rate conductor to demonstrate that it, too, could be first-rate. Thus, under Goossens it gave the most brilliant of all the performances of Stravinsky's "Sacre" in New York, and under Bruno Walter and Gabrilowitsch it distinguished itself again One of these men should, then, have been retained, or one or another of the brilliant conductors in and about New York secured, as no doubt he could have been for a price (this was all that was needed to lure Toscanini himself away from the Philharmonic). Instead the Symphony Society held on to the third-raters, and finally it quit because they did not fill the hall, as a first-rate conductor would eventually have done. Next year's Philharmonic concerts for former New York Symphony subscribers are already oversubscribed.

This, however, is itself an artistic loss. The excitement and tension at recent Philharmonic concerts have been disturbing; and so have been the people whom the excitement has caused to occupy the last available seats. I long for the time when I listened to a Philharmonic concert in a hall that was not completely filled; in an atmosphere, therefore, that permitted me to hear.

That was the time, incidentally, when I could buy a ticket for the program that interested me, instead of having to buy a whole set of tickets (and being glad to get them) for programs I do not know in advance and most often do not care to hear when they are announced.

And in this matter of programs, too, there is bound to be artistic loss. With the decrease in the total number of concerts there is bound to be a decrease in the already insufficient number of performances of the less hackneyed works; and this also because it was the New York Symphony, of the two orchestras, whose programs were the slightly less routine, the slightly more adventurous (and it was precisely for the New York Symphony that one could obtain single tickets). If at least Mr. Damrosch could make proper use of the opportunities created by his leisure, his freedom from the responsibilities of the routine conductor, his residence in America; if only he would justify his retention as guest conductor by making his few programs out of all the music which the visiting conductors neglect; but it is a safe bet that instead he will show that he can play what the others play.

The Philharmonic subscription series would better have been divided in two for Philharmonic subscribers. That would have relieved the pressure upon the Philharmonic concerts; it might even have caused a few seats to remain empty. But this blessing is precisely what the present arrangement—of dividing the Philharmonic concerts between Philharmonic and New York Symphony subscribers—was designed to avoid; increased pressure is what it was designed to achieve. For it is precisely the last few empty or filled seats that determine artistic policies for the poverty-stricken millionaires who manage our orchestras.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

Genius on the West Coast

OUT of Jim Tully's "Jarnegan" two gentlemen named Beahan and Fort have made a play of the same name now to be seen at the Longacre Theater. It gets off to an encouraging start, for there is a refreshing cynicism in the atmosphere and a promise that Hollywood is about to be described by someone with an eye for its ribald absurdity. But from the moment the earnest young blue-stocking comes upon the scene things begin to go from bad to worse, and before long the dramatists—aided and abetted by the author whom they are adapting—have got themselves so involved in "star-dust" and "dreams" that even a caption writer might envy them their diction, and what started out to be a satire on the movies becomes a very good imitation of a Deluxe Super Feature. (Ask your Naborhood Theater when it is coming.)

Jarnegan, it seems, was a wild fighting Irishman who arrived at the dignity of riding breeches and a megaphone by way of jail, ditch-digging, and a medicine show. For a time he pandered to the taste of his employers and seemed subdued to the stuff he worked in, but in his heart he agreed with the blue-stocking and once he was firmly established he began to turn to those Finer Things which, in the other arts, do not cost any more than vulgarity but which, for some reason or other, can never be achieved in the movies with less than three thousand supers for the mob scene and a couple of million dollars for running expenses. It was here that the trouble began. The New York office grew restive and the local managers decided to frame a scandal on Jarnegan in order to get rid of him via the morality clause in his contract. It goes without saying, however, that the plot does not succeed and that the scandal is really fixed where it belongs upon the narrow shoulders of a man whom the audience has never liked anyway; but Jarnegan gives up what he would not allow to be taken from him. The magician of the silver screen, the one hope of the movies, goes out the door. The

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motley collection of pimps and tarts (pardon me if I adopt the dialect of the play) collected at Nathan Leedman's mid-night orgy is wrong if it believes that he will waste his talents in that atmosphere. For him the movies have been merely a stepping stone on the way toward what the prose poets of Hollywood call symbolically the "Dawn," the "Stars," or, sometimes, just the plain "Future."

Now the chief defect of the play lies in the fact that no one except the authors can be made to believe in the greatness of Jarnegan. They have given him all the vices which are popularly supposed to go with the Strong Man but nothing about their rough diamond is convincing except his roughness. He bellows his defiance, he spits on the floor, he drinks large quantities of gin, and he speaks very roughly indeed to all the adoring women who sleep with him whenever he is so inclined, but in the best of his better moments he says nothing which serves to distinguish him from any ghost-writer on *Photoplay* who is explaining in behalf of some flapper-star how seriously she takes her duty of expressing the great heart of America. As he makes his final exit he explains in a broken voice that he is "just a dung heap in search of a lily," and though that phrase is perfect cinema it is not convincing as the utterance of a man about to transcend the celluloid.

Jim Tully is known as a brutal realist. His picturesque career as hobo, prize fighter, and circus roustabout is generally accepted as prima facie evidence that he is the real thing in hard-boiled literature and it is, indeed, perfectly true that he is an excellent writer as long as he confines himself to the realistic description of low life. But there is no more naïve assumption than that which takes it for granted that the man who has seen much of the seamy side has of necessity what we call a "tough mind," for a "tough mind" is certainly a very different thing from the "mind of a tough." The heart which beats under a ragged coat is very often not only honest but sentimental as well, and there is no one who is more easily taken in by meretricious ideals than the man who has spent most of his life where there are very few, meretricious or otherwise, to be found. Now though these generalizations are not to be applied to Mr. Tully in any offensive fashion and though it is possible that he saw in Hollywood some genius whom he has been unable to draw, it is far more likely that he was himself taken in by the same sort of bluff which took in Hollywood itself. Personally I never met anyone really "hard-boiled" who had not spent most of his time learning to see through the pretense and the rhetoric of the high-falutin in those books and pictures where they express themselves most persuasively, and I have never found a triple-brass cynicism acquired anywhere except in a library. Moreover, the freest use of "hells" and "damns" is perfectly consistent with a cherubic gullibility where "aspirations" are concerned, as "Jarnegan" well proves, for it is at once profane and guileless.

In the present production Richard Bennett plays the hero with obvious enjoyment and with a fine sense of the external possibilities of the role. It does not appear to have any internal ones.

"This Thing Called Love" (Maxine Elliott's Theater) is an unpretentious but quite diverting comedy which undertakes to prove that two reasonable and considerate people almost inevitably lose all sense of the decency due from one person to another when they fall in love. The generalization is at least as true as any other ever made about the Thing in question, and the play, fragile as it is, is about as amusing as any to be seen at the present moment—when, as a matter of fact, nothing excruciatingly amusing or remarkably profound is to be discovered on Broadway.

"New Moon" (Imperial Theater) is a musical operetta with competent principals including Gus Shy, a comic with a sense of humor. There is extravagant but tasteful costuming, and music which, if reminiscent, is generally tuneful.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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